

SEE ARTICLE ON THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH NAVIES ON PAGE 438.

DEC 23 1895

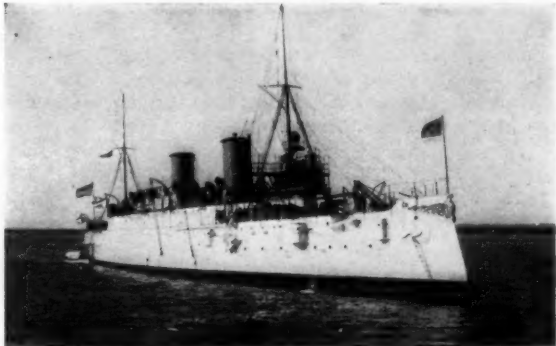
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NAVIES

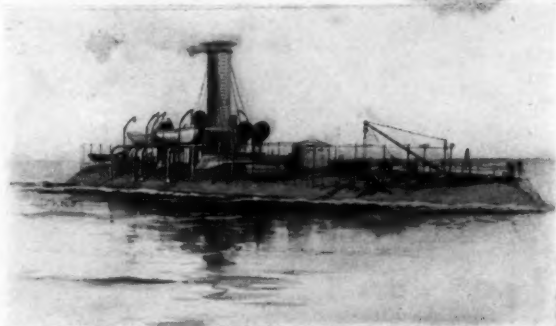
Vol. LXXXI—No. 2102.  
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1895.

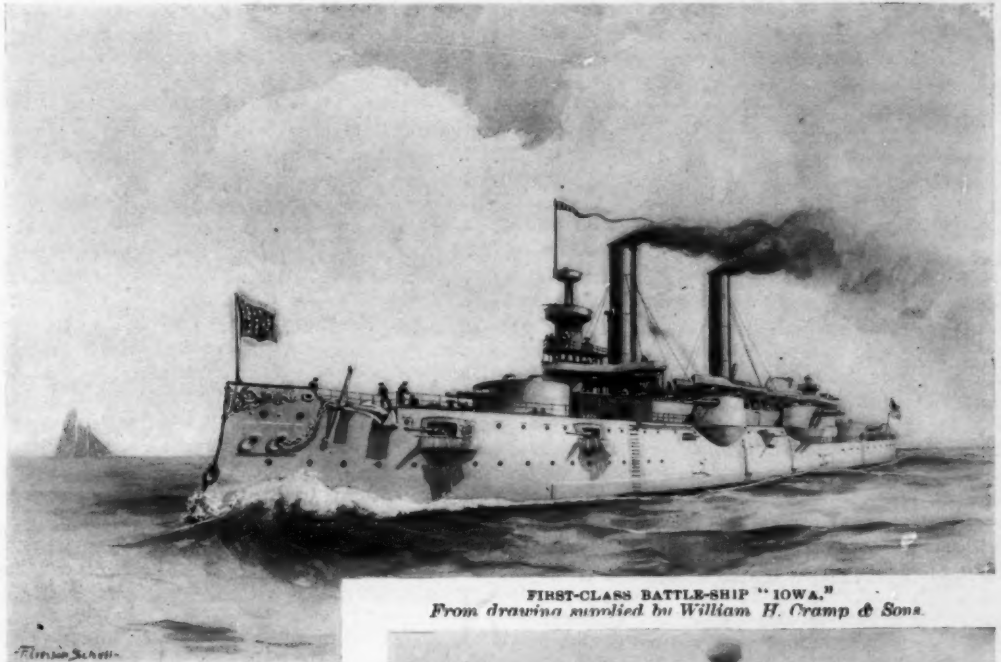
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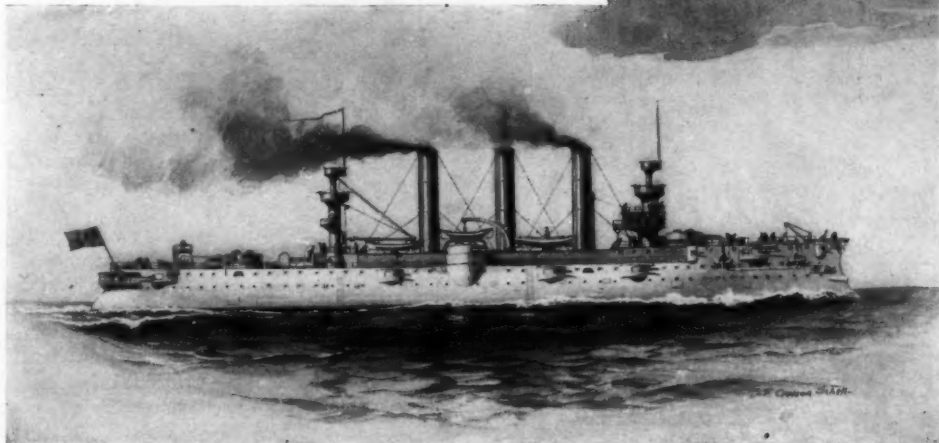
TRIPLE SCREW CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS."



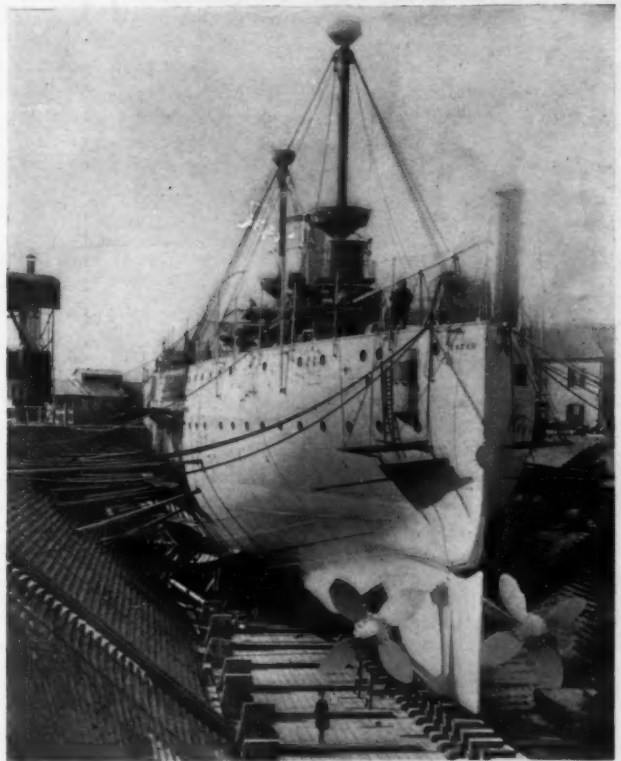
THE RAM "KATAHDIN."—Drawn by F. H. Schell.



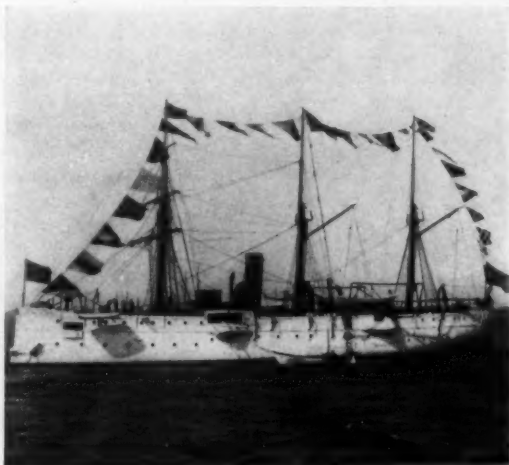
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."  
From drawings supplied by William H. Cramp & Sons.



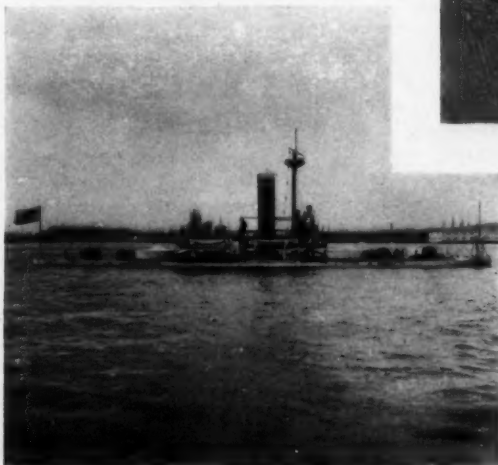
THE ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."—From drawing supplied by William H. Cramp & Sons.



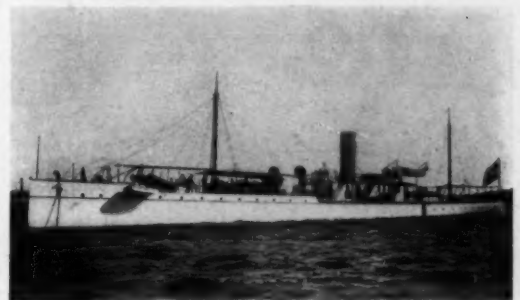
SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "TEXAS."



CADET TRAINING-CRUISER "RANCROFT."



THE MONITOR "TERROR."



THE DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

## WILL IT LEAD TO WAR?

SOME OF THE VESSELS OF THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY WHICH WOULD BE AVAILABLE FOR EFFECTIVE SERVICE IN THE EVENT OF A  
CONFLICT WITH GREAT BRITAIN OVER THE VENEZUELAN QUESTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. RAU AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 438.]  
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No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 307 Herald Building.  
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Bramhall, H. Renterdahl.

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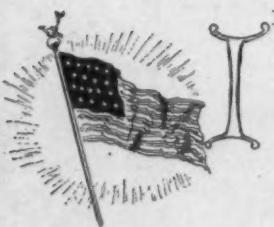
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## Is England Prepared to Fight?

THE negotiations between the United States and Great Britain as to the propriety of submitting the dispute about the boundary of Venezuela to arbitration have suddenly arrived at an acute stage, and the officials in both countries, as well as the newspapers, have been compelled by the logic of the situation to contemplate the possibility of a war between this people and the English. With the merits of the dispute this country as yet has had nothing to do; the intervention of the Federal government has merely urged the employment of arbitrators to decide between a strong and a weak power, the latter American. The British have finally declined to submit the dispute to arbitration, and in announcing this determination Lord Salisbury has denied that the Monroe doctrine was applicable in the present instance. In polite diplomatic language the British premier has announced to the American President that he was meddling in a matter which did not in the least concern him or his people. Mr. Cleveland at once sent a message to Congress announcing that inasmuch as England would not arbitrate the matter, then the United States would decide it. The plain and patriotic words Mr. Cleveland employed in his message have found an echo in the heart of every genuine American, and partisanship itself has been stilled by the applause which greeted an utterance inspired by true manliness. These words may not mean war, but no American has felt any fear as to the consequences which may ensue.

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## Old Glory.



Nothing are these closing years of the century more remarkable than in the awakening of patriotism. It is not an enthusiasm that tends to zeal or bigotry, but a proper national pride firmly founded on self-respect, and it is as notable for its refusal to indulge in excesses as it is in its

purpose to make the flag the real sign and symbol of the local and national spirit. There was a time—it seems only a few weeks ago, but of course it was longer than that—when many good people began to despair. They looked upon politics as hopeless, upon municipal politics especially as cess-pools of corruption which no tides of reform could clean, and there was some danger that the century would roll away in a dreary slough of pessimism; but somehow the better impulses and activities of the people began to assert themselves, and in the past five years we have had an amount of real reform in all parts of the country, in every single one of the large cities where the promise of good government was darkest, that, when considered in the aggregate, must be calmly regarded as one of the crowning miracles of the times.

Now, it is interesting, if not directly a case of cause and effect, that all this growth in goodness and all this purification of public sentiment and public spirit have happened at the same time with the elevation of "Old Glory" over our school-houses and our public buildings, and its exaltation in the general thought. Go where you may in this country, you will see the Stars and Stripes flying. It is an easy estimate that there are more flags in daily use in the United States to-day than in any two other countries in the world. There are fully twice as many as there were five years ago. Every morning there are raised to the staffs of more than fifty thousand buildings this invincible emblem of liberty and self-government. Before the sun has said good-night to the flag in Alaska it is shining brightly upon the same

banner in Maine, and there is not a moment of the twenty-four hours when it is not greeting and illumining the thirteen stripes and the forty-four stars, soon to be forty-five.

In a recent article ex-President Harrison said we had allowed ourselves to be laughed out of the old-time Fourth of July celebration, and he added: "It may be that the speaker was boastful, but a boaster is better than an apologist or a pessimist"; and further on in his article he used these loyal and sensible words: "Do not be ashamed to love the flag or to confess your love of it. Make much of it; tell its history; sing of it. It now floats over our schools, and it ought to hang from the windows of all our homes on all our public days. Every man should uncover when the flag is borne in parade, and every one should rise when a national air is given at a concert or public meeting."

We believe that California was the first State to provide that the flag should float from all her school-houses. Since then the whole country has fallen into line. There have been various societies that made it their work to present flags to the schools; there have been laws making the hoisting of the flags a part of the school-day's proceedings, and it is now a regulation of the general government that the flag shall be displayed on all Federal buildings, the effect of which has been to lead local and State governments to follow the national example, with gratifying results to the flag-makers and increasing pleasure to the flag-defenders and flag-lovers.

No more conspicuous instance of the revival of patriotism could be given than the recent action of the Roman Catholic Church. Within the past twelve months the flag has been hoisted above many of its important churches and has been prominently displayed in its sanctuaries. It heads its processions, and the other day, in Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, the primate of the church, and Mayor Hooper, one of the leading Methodists of the country, presided at the ceremonies which elevated above four of the largest parochial school-houses of Baltimore big American flags presented by one of the Catholic societies. Five thousand people cheered the patriotic sentiments of the speakers. "How much we are aroused to patriotism by the familiar notes of 'The Star-spangled Banner' or 'The Red, White, and Blue,'" said the cardinal. "And what that song is to the ear the flag is to the eye. May it always inspire every one of us; may it put patriotic thoughts into the minds and hearts of the rising generation; may it always be an emblem of justice to all, of partiality and favoritism to none, the symbol of liberty without license, of harmony, goodwill, fellowship, and fraternity of all citizens, the guarantee of Christian civilization." Mayor Hooper said he wanted the flag raised over every public building. One Catholic orator grouped Cecilius Calvert, William Penn, and Roger Williams as "a trinity of humanitarians and patriots, devoted to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and aiming to give these rights to every man," and the sentiment was enthusiastically cheered. "Here, where the cross of Christ is raised, let the flag of my country be lifted," said another Catholic orator, and he went on to say that, if need be, life would be given in defense of either. This is a potent illustration, because the Catholics, having the largest percentage of the foreign-born residents of this country, have been regarded by some as being less devoted to American ideas and ideals—an impression that such ceremonies as these tend to rapidly and permanently remove.

It all goes to show that the folds of the flag are large enough to cover all creeds and all parties and all of the better aspirations of the seventy millions who people the greatest and richest country on earth. It does us good, too, to think of this communion of patriotism that every morning declares itself anew and tells the world that this nation was never stronger in its loyalty or more compact in its integrity than it is in these closing days of the century.

## The End of a Dynasty.

SENATOR CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, announces that he will not be a candidate for re-election. His withdrawal from public life will extinguish one of the most notable personal dynasties which has ever existed in American politics. Senator Cameron, the father of the retiring Senator, was for nearly forty of his seventy-eight years the supreme boss in Pennsylvania politics. For thirty years of that period he was United States Senator, and was an aggressive and influential factor in national affairs. The nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President in 1860 was due in part to his course in abandoning Mr. Seward at a critical juncture in the contest. His resignation as Senator was followed by the immediate election of the son, who, upon his retirement in 1897, will have occupied the place for just twenty years.

It will not be pretended by anybody outside of the immediate Cameronian following that this protracted family régime has been marked by a single achievement in the public service which will entitle it to remembrance. The official record of father and son is searched in vain for a solitary statesmanlike performance. Neither ever originated or carried through a measure of real public importance. They made no impress upon the policies of their time. They embodied and illustrated merely the spirit, the idea, of personal politics, and that, too, in its most odious and arrogant forms. Office, in their view, was a personal perquisite rather than a public trust, and its highest and only use was to strengthen and perpetuate a personal

dynasty. Under this system, capacity, integrity, independence of conviction, and honorable ambition have counted for nothing, and have had no chance whatever in the politics of the Keystone State. Federal and State appointments, courts, Legislatures, the governments of municipalities, have all been determined and chosen under the dictation, and for the execution of the purposes, of the machine which was set up fifty years ago. That such conditions could perpetuate themselves for such a period, in such a State as Pennsylvania, may well provoke amazement. It can only be accounted for on the basis of a slavish popular subservience to the fetich of a family name, or of popular indifference to the consequences of machine domination and misrule. Either assumption is humiliating and disgraceful in the last degree.

Senator Cameron's withdrawal ought to open the way for the election, next year, of a successor worthy, in the best sense, of the exalted place which he has never really filled. But plans, it is said, are already being laid in the interest of candidates whose chief claim to consideration lies in the fact that they are partisans of Senator Quay, the younger party autocrat, and it is not impossible that the better element of the Republican party may again fail to command the recognition it deserves. It is to be hoped, however, that the field will not be abandoned without a vigorous and manful assertion of the wishes and preferences of those Republicans who, having no personal ends to serve, desire only that the party shall be represented by its best and ablest men, and that in all selections to public office reference shall be had only to the promotion of the highest public interests.

## The Excise Question.



It may not be entirely safe to predict that the Legislature of New York, at its coming session, will decline to enact any legislation which will permit Sunday liquor selling, but the present indications certainly seem to justify such a conclusion. A poll of the Legislature, made by the Herald, shows a clear majority of both Republican Senators and Assemblymen who are opposed to local option, while the number who favor any excise legislation whatever is comparatively small. A few declare themselves in favor of an increase in the license fee and a decrease in the number of saloons, and a number incline to the establishment of a license system based on population. The Democrats, of course, declare, for the most part, in favor of "relief" for the saloon interest, but a minority of that party are apparently indisposed to commit themselves in advance to such a course.

The attitude of the Republican legislators-elect as to this excise question should not be a matter of surprise. The party in this State has always been against an "open Sunday." It distinctly refused to declare, in the platform adopted by the last State convention, in favor of any let-down of the party policy on this subject, either through the convenient subterfuge of local option or otherwise. It is true, indeed, that some of the party leaders of this metropolis, in their eagerness to capture the saloon vote, assumed a position of qualified hostility to the Saratoga deliverance, but they gained nothing personally by their pusillanimity, while the determination of the party at large to maintain its faith with the people was, if anything, intensified. Legislation as to the regulation and control of the liquor traffic may be necessary; possibly the adoption of the principal features of the so-called Ohio law, or of the Minneapolis plan, under which saloons have been excluded from the residential quarter, would be an improvement on the existing system; but whatever enactments may be had, it seems now improbable that they will embody any concessions to those who demand that the saloon shall be invested with a statutory and exceptional right to desecrate Sunday at the expense of every important social and civic interest.

## Evils of Over-capitalization.



THE question is often asked why it is that, while the price of nearly everything that enters into common use has within the last decade or two been reduced, the five-cent fare on street-cars has been steadily maintained. One reason for this is, of course, that every street-railway is more or less of a monopoly, but a completer

and more conclusive answer to the question is found in the fact, disclosed by the evidence submitted to the Legislative committee which is now investigating the subject, that all the corporations operating in this city are enormously over-capitalized—that, in other words, they must earn dividends upon a fictitious capital vastly in excess of their real cost.

The evidence referred to shows that, according to the highest possible estimate of their cost, the street-car companies of this metropolis have a total over-capitalization of \$53,093,400. The Metropolitan Traction system, for instance, which operates one hundred and seventy-three miles of road, represents an actual cost of \$16,672,000, but is capitalized at \$54,334,000. The Huckleberry system cost



approximately, \$635,500, but it was turned over to the company at \$4,275,677, for which stock and bonds were issued. Its net earnings for the last fiscal year were about thirty per cent. on the actual cost of construction. At four cents a passenger the company would have earned a dividend of fifteen per cent. upon its actual cost, and even at a three-cent fare the owners would receive an ample return for their real investment.

It goes without saying that this system of stock-watering is absolutely indefensible on any conceivable ground of public policy. It is fraudulent in inception and organized plunder in execution, and it ought to be made impossible in every State of the Union by positive statutes so clear and unmistakable that the most complaisant court and jury would be unable to misinterpret them. Much of the discontent among the working classes, and of the unrest in the community at large, which manifest themselves sometimes in violent attacks upon property, derive their inspiration and force from the fact that the methods employed by greedy capitalists for enriching themselves at the expense of the public have been permitted to go unchallenged until they have practically become a part of our business system. Capital, legitimately employed, has its rights, and must be protected; but when fictitious values, representing no actual investment, are set up as real, and the public are asked to pay for the use, in its service or general business, of what does not exist, the State ought to interfere, and must interfere, if we are to protect ourselves against a tendency which is every day becoming a more serious and formidable menace to individual rights and the public tranquillity.

## \* MEN \* AND \* THINGS \*

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THEY do some things better in England (with trepidation I say it, though with the mighty businesses the jingoes have on hand at present, I think I run little danger), and the recent celebration in London of the ninetieth birthday of Mary Anne Keely at the Lyceum Theatre is a very good instance. The arts, the sciences, the professions, and royalty gave greeting to the aged actress, whose life has been almost coincident with that of the century, and whose art—nothing but a memory now—gave the keenest pleasure to the fathers of the present generation. It was the simple, spontaneous expression of regard for one whose career belonged to the people, for their delight and amusement, and as such is an excellent example of the manner in which English men and women delight in giving honor to whom honor is due. This deserves some more than passing notice, from the fact that we have among us, here in New York, an actress nearing her ninetieth year, who in her day was little less than a public idol, but whose name to-day is practically unknown save to a few. Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder made her first appearance on the stage in 1817, sixteen years before Edwin Booth was born, and acted almost continuously for seventy years; an unexampled record, I think, in theatrical history. I hope that the reports of the success of the testimonial to Mrs. Keely will encourage some of Mrs. Fisher's friends to organize a like function here. It could not but attract the attention and support of all lovers of the stage, and would add an interesting event to its annals.

Some months ago I spoke in this column of the culpable negligence of the various departments at Washington in regard to the invaluable collections of state papers, documents, and correspondence in their several charges. Since then there seems to have been some slight awakening to the fact that papers of such importance have no right to be exposed to the indiscriminate handling of countless visitors. A recent investigation in the Department of the Interior, and since carried on in the State and War Departments, discovered hundreds of mutilated papers and collections of papers. Signatures cut out, letters abstracted, and in some places the whole of important documents missing. From personal observation I should say that in none of the departments does there seem to be any sense of the importance of these collections. There should be a rigorous overhauling of the government archives; a complete catalogue made (of what is left), and then some one person should be made rigidly responsible for its care. Then only will a stop be put to the vandalism of autograph-hunters and curiosity-collectors.

The centennial anniversary of Carlyle's birth on December 4th slipped by without attracting any attention here, though, of course, in London there were very interesting commemorative ceremonies, including the handing over to trustees of the deed of trust of the recently purchased Carlyle memorial in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, at which Mr. John Morley presided. The omission of any particular demonstration or comment on the occasion in this country is the more remarkable when we recall that Carlyle was known and appreciated by Americans, largely through the instrumentality of Emerson, long before his own countrymen yielded him his due. But the reason is not far to seek. Carlyle was too great a man ever to be popular; his vigorous, robust intellect was too forceful for this anæmic age, and

to most people to-day he is nothing but a name. His message to the world, though, making as it did for stronger men and finer ideals, will never be lost; and little would he have cared, once the results achieved for which he strived, for so fruitless a thing as fame.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### The Dunraven Inquiry.

THE addition of Hon. E. J. Phelps and Captain A. T. Mahan, United States Navy, to the committee appointed for the purpose of investigating the charges of Lord Dunraven, alleging fraudulent practices in connection with the international yacht-races in which he was so signally vanquished, is an incident of more than ordinary significance. It affords a very conclusive proof of the desire of the

members of the New York Yacht Club that the inquiry shall be thorough and impartial, and that its conclusions shall be beyond the possibility of question. The gentlemen originally appointed constituted a committee whose integrity and trustworthiness would not have been challenged by any American citizen;



HON. E. J. PHELPS.

with men of the standing of ex-Minister Phelps and Captain Mahan, both of whom are exceptionally popular in England, co-operating in the investigation, every fair-minded Englishman will be compelled to assent in the justice of the verdict reached. No tribunal of equal dignity and worth has ever been raised, anywhere, for the determination of a question of fair play in international sport. If Dunraven has any evidence to support his extraordinary charges he may be sure that it will be fairly considered, but if he has no such evidence—if it shall appear that he deliberately assailed the good name of honorable men upon mere suspicion or for the purpose of getting sympathy at home—he may be equally sure that the fact will be disclosed and he will be pilloried as he deserves in the popular execration.



CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN.

### Havemeyer a Baron.

THEODORE A. HAVEMEYER, for twenty-five years Austrian consul at this port, has been created a baron of the Order of Leopold by Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Mr. Havemeyer has retired from the consulate, and his successor, Herr Frank Ritter von Stockinger, has the honor to present him with the insignia of the order in which he has been created a nobleman.



BARON T. A. HAVEMEYER.

Refining Company, better known as the sugar trust. He is rated as being worth forty million dollars, and stands among the dozen or less of America's great millionaires. He was born in this city, but he has spent much of his life in Germany in the interest of the Havemeyer sugar interests. He inherited the great sugar properties established by his grandfather, and was the organizer of the sugar trust. William F. Havemeyer, a cousin of his father, was the candidate of the Committee of Seventy for Mayor, and assisted materially in overthrowing the Tweed ring, being elected mayor by the united efforts of those opposed to Mr. Tweed's methods of government.

The order in which Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer has

been created a baron has as its hereditary grand master the Emperor of Austria. It requires, as the acceptance of the title, that the candidate swear full allegiance to the house and flag of the Hapsburgs, the grand master having power, however, to dispense with the oath. When the oath is dispensed with, however, the candidate only becomes an honorary baron, and not a peer of the house of Austria. If Baron Havemeyer takes the oath it is tantamount to forswearing allegiance to his native country, as he would then cease to be a citizen of the United States. He has not confided his intentions in this regard to any one, but still continues to sign his name to sugar-certificates with the utmost composure, notwithstanding the weight of the baronial ermine on his shoulders.

### Boston's New Mayor.

WHETHER the city of Boston will have reason, a year or two hence, to felicitate itself upon the election of Mr.



JOSIAH QUINCY.

Josiah Quincy to the mayoralty, is yet to be determined. His predecessor, Mayor Curtis, has given the city a cleanly and efficient administration, and he was quite generally supported by business men with whom partisan feeling did not predominate. There was no apparent reason for a change. Mr.

Quincy, however, was put forward as the ideal Democrat, with the avowed purpose of re-establishing Democratic ascendancy, and Boston, being a Democratic city, he was successful. There is no doubt as to his personal integrity, but his public career scarcely justifies a confidence either in his executive capacity or his ability to divest himself of partisan considerations in the discharge of official duty. He may not, in his administration of his office, subordinate the public interests in all things to partisan considerations, but he will be quite certain, if his record counts for anything, to persuade himself that Democrats are the only available and trustworthy agents for the management of public affairs.

### Republican Discord in New York.

THE result of the recent Republican primaries in this city is a disappointment to many of the friends of reform in the party management. It had been hoped that, with a fair and full expression of the party sentiment, new influences would become dominant in the party policy, but this result was not reached, and seems to be as remote, indeed,



MR. WILLIAM BROOKFIELD.

as ever. It is unfortunate that the Republicans of this metropolis should present to the country a spectacle of perpetual dissension and discord, and it is doubly unfortunate that the party as such should be unwilling, as it seems to be, to assert itself in a positive way for the settlement of the party policy in harmony with the highest demands of patriotic principle. In the recent contest Mr. William Brookfield, late Commissioner of Public Works, was conspicuous as a leader of the reform forces, and, while he was not successful, it is not at all probable that the struggle will be abandoned. Mr. Brookfield is a man of the purest motives and highest integrity, but he lacks somewhat of the aggressive audacity and force which are required in modern political leadership, and this fact has undoubtedly diminished in some degree the influence he would otherwise command.



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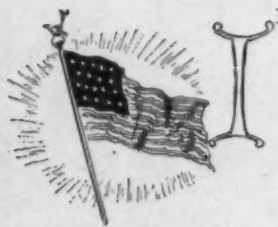
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Now, it is interesting, if not directly a case of cause and effect, that all this growth in goodness and all this purification of public sentiment and public spirit have happened at the same time with the elevation of "Old Glory" over our school-houses and our public buildings, and its exaltation in the general thought. Go where you may in this country, you will see the Stars and Stripes flying. It is an easy estimate that there are more flags in daily use in the United States to-day than in any two other countries in the world. There are fully twice as many as there were five years ago. Every morning there are raised to the staffs of more than fifty thousand buildings this invincible emblem of liberty and self-government. Before the sun has said good-night to the flag in Alaska it is shining brightly upon the same

banner in Maine, and there is not a moment of the twenty-four hours when it is not greeting and illumining the thirteen stripes and the forty-four stars, soon to be forty-five.

In a recent article ex-President Harrison said we had allowed ourselves to be laughed out of the old-time Fourth of July celebration, and he added: "It may be that the speaker was boastful, but a boaster is better than an apologist or a pessimist"; and further on in his article he used these loyal and sensible words: "Do not be ashamed to love the flag or to confess your love of it. Make much of it; tell its history; sing of it. It now floats over our schools, and it ought to hang from the windows of all our homes on all our public days. Every man should uncover when the flag is borne in parade, and every one should rise when a national air is given at a concert or public meeting."

We believe that California was the first State to provide that the flag should float from all her school-houses. Since then the whole country has fallen into line. There have been various societies that made it their work to present flags to the schools; there have been laws making the hoisting of the flags a part of the school-day's proceedings, and it is now a regulation of the general government that the flag shall be displayed on all Federal buildings, the effect of which has been to lead local and State governments to follow the national example, with gratifying results to the flag-makers and increasing pleasure to the flag-defenders and flag-lovers.

No more conspicuous instance of the revival of patriotism could be given than the recent action of the Roman Catholic Church. Within the past twelve months the flag has been hoisted above many of its important churches and has been prominently displayed in its sanctuaries. It heads its processions, and the other day, in Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, the primate of the church, and Mayor Hooper, one of the leading Methodists of the country, presided at the ceremonies which elevated above four of the largest parochial school-houses of Baltimore big American flags presented by one of the Catholic societies. Five thousand people cheered the patriotic sentiments of the speakers. "How much we are aroused to patriotism by the familiar notes of 'The Star-spangled Banner' or 'The Red, White, and Blue,'" said the cardinal. "And what that song is to the ear the flag is to the eye. May it always inspire every one of us; may it put patriotic thoughts into the minds and hearts of the rising generation; may it always be an emblem of justice to all, of partiality and favoritism to none, the symbol of liberty without license, of harmony, goodwill, fellowship, and fraternity of all citizens, the guarantee of Christian civilization." Mayor Hooper said he wanted the flag raised over every public building. One Catholic orator grouped Cecilus Calvert, William Penn, and Roger Williams as "a trinity of humanitarians and patriots, devoted to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and aiming to give these rights to every man," and the sentiment was enthusiastically cheered. "Here, where the cross of Christ is raised, let the flag of my country be lifted," said another Catholic orator, and he went on to say that, if need be, life would be given in defense of either. This is a potent illustration, because the Catholics, having the largest percentage of the foreign-born residents of this country, have been regarded by some as being less devoted to American ideas and ideals—an impression that such ceremonies as these tend to rapidly and permanently remove.

It all goes to show that the folds of the flag are large enough to cover all creeds and all parties and all of the better aspirations of the seventy millions who people the greatest and richest country on earth. It does us good, too, to think of this communion of patriotism that every morning declares itself anew and tells the world that this nation was never stronger in its loyalty or more compact in its integrity than it is in these closing days of the century.

## The End of a Dynasty.

SENATOR CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, announces that he will not be a candidate for re-election. His withdrawal from public life will extinguish one of the most notable personal dynasties which has ever existed in American politics. Senator Cameron, the father of the retiring Senator, was for nearly forty of his seventy-eight years the supreme boss in Pennsylvania politics. For thirty years of that period he was United States Senator, and was an aggressive and influential factor in national affairs. The nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President in 1860 was due in part to his course in abandoning Mr. Seward at a critical juncture in the contest. His resignation as Senator was followed by the immediate election of the son, who, upon his retirement in 1897, will have occupied the place for just twenty years.

It will not be pretended by anybody outside of the immediate Cameronian following that this protracted family régime has been marked by a single achievement in the public service which will entitle it to remembrance. The official record of father and son is searched in vain for a solitary statesmanlike performance. Neither ever originated or carried through a measure of real public importance. They made no impress upon the policies of their time. They embodied and illustrated merely the spirit, the idea, of personal politics, and that, too, in its most odious and arrogant forms. Office, in their view, was a personal perquisite rather than a public trust, and its highest and only use was to strengthen and perpetuate a personal

dynasty. Under this system, capacity, integrity, independence of conviction, and honorable ambition have counted for nothing, and have had no chance whatever in the politics of the Keystone State. Federal and State appointments, courts, Legislatures, the governments of municipalities, have all been determined and chosen under the dictation, and for the execution of the purposes, of the machine which was set up fifty years ago. That such conditions could perpetuate themselves for such a period, in such a State as Pennsylvania, may well provoke amazement. It can only be accounted for on the basis of a slavish popular subservience to the fetch of a family name, or of popular indifference to the consequences of machine domination and misrule. Either assumption is humiliating and disgraceful in the last degree.

Senator Cameron's withdrawal ought to open the way for the election, next year, of a successor worthy, in the best sense, of the exalted place which he has never really filled. But plans, it is said, are already being laid in the interest of candidates whose chief claim to consideration lies in the fact that they are partisans of Senator Quay, the younger party autocrat, and it is not impossible that the better element of the Republican party may again fail to command the recognition it deserves. It is to be hoped, however, that the field will not be abandoned without a vigorous and manful assertion of the wishes and preferences of those Republicans who, having no personal ends to serve, desire only that the party shall be represented by its best and ablest men, and that in all selections to public office reference shall be had only to the promotion of the highest public interests.

## The Excise Question.



It may not be entirely safe to predict that the Legislature of New York, at its coming session, will decline to enact any legislation which will permit Sunday liquor selling, but the present indications certainly seem to justify such a conclusion. A poll of the Legislature, made by the *Herald*, shows a clear majority of both Republican Senators and Assemblymen who are opposed to local option, while the number who favor any excise legislation whatever is comparatively small. A few declare themselves in favor of an increase in the license fee and a decrease in the number of saloons, and a number incline to the establishment of a license system based on population. The Democrats, of course, declare, for the most part, in favor of "relief" for the saloon interest, but a minority of that party are apparently indisposed to commit themselves in advance to such a course.

The attitude of the Republican legislators-elect as to this excise question should not be a matter of surprise. The party in this State has always been against an "open Sunday." It distinctly refused to declare, in the platform adopted by the last State convention, in favor of any let-down of the party policy on this subject, either through the convenient subterfuge of local option or otherwise. It is true, indeed, that some of the party leaders of this metropolis, in their eagerness to capture the saloon vote, assumed a position of qualified hostility to the Saratoga deliverance, but they gained nothing personally by their pusillanimity, while the determination of the party at large to maintain its faith with the people was, if anything, intensified. Legislation as to the regulation and control of the liquor traffic may be necessary; possibly the adoption of the principal features of the so-called Ohio law, or of the Minneapolis plan, under which saloons have been excluded from the residential quarter, would be an improvement on the existing system; but whatever enactments may be had, it seems now improbable that they will embody any concessions to those who demand that the saloon shall be invested with a statutory and exceptional right to desecrate Sunday at the expense of every important social and civic interest.

## Evils of Over-capitalization.



THE question is often asked why it is that, while the price of nearly everything that enters into common use has within the last decade or two been reduced, the five-cent fare on street-cars has been steadily maintained. One reason for this is, of course, that every street-railway is more or less of a monopoly, but a completer and more conclusive answer to the question is found in the fact, disclosed by the evidence submitted to the Legislative committee which is now investigating the subject, that all the corporations operating in this city are enormously over-capitalized—that, in other words, they must earn dividends upon a fictitious capital vastly in excess of their real cost.

The evidence referred to shows that, according to the highest possible estimate of their cost, the street-car companies of this metropolis have a total over-capitalization of \$53,093,460. The Metropolitan Traction system, for instance, which operates one hundred and seventy-three miles of road, represents an actual cost of \$16,672,060, but is capitalized at \$54,334,000. The Huckleberry system cost



approximately, \$635,500, but it was turned over to the company at \$4,275,677, for which stock and bonds were issued. Its net earnings for the last fiscal year were about thirty per cent. on the actual cost of construction. At four cents a passenger the company would have earned a dividend of fifteen per cent. upon its actual cost, and even at a three-cent fare the owners would receive an ample return for their real investment.

It goes without saying that this system of stock-watering is absolutely indefensible on any conceivable ground of public policy. It is fraudulent in inception and organized plunder in execution, and it ought to be made impossible in every State of the Union by positive statutes so clear and unmistakable that the most complaisant court and jury would be unable to misinterpret them. Much of the discontent among the working classes, and of the unrest in the community at large, which manifest themselves sometimes in violent attacks upon property, derive their inspiration and force from the fact that the methods employed by greedy capitalists for enriching themselves at the expense of the public have been permitted to go unchallenged until they have practically become a part of our business system. Capital, legitimately employed, has its rights, and must be protected; but when fictitious values, representing no actual investment, are set up as real, and the public are asked to pay for the use, in its service or general business, of what does not exist, the State ought to interfere, and must interfere, if we are to protect ourselves against a tendency which is every day becoming a more serious and formidable menace to individual rights and the public tranquillity.

## MEN AND THINGS

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THEY do some things better in England (with trepidation I say it, though with the mighty businesses the jingoes have on hand at present, I think I run little danger), and the recent celebration in London of the ninetieth birthday of Mary Anne Keely at the Lyceum Theatre is a very good instance. The arts, the sciences, the professions, and royalty gave greeting to the aged actress, whose life has been almost coincident with that of the century, and whose art—nothing but a memory now—gave the keenest pleasure to the fathers of the present generation. It was the simple, spontaneous expression of regard for one whose career belonged to the people, for their delight and amusement, and as such is an excellent example of the manner in which English men and women delight in giving honor to whom honor is due. This deserves some more than passing notice, from the fact that we have among us, here in New York, an actress nearing her ninetieth year, who in her day was little less than a public idol, but whose name to-day is practically unknown save to a few. Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder made her first appearance on the stage in 1817, *sixteen years before Edwin Booth was born*, and acted almost continuously for seventy years; an unexampled record, I think, in theatrical history. I hope that the reports of the success of the testimonial to Mrs. Keely will encourage some of Mrs. Fisher's friends to organize a like function here. It could not but attract the attention and support of all lovers of the stage, and would add an interesting event to its annals.

Some months ago I spoke in this column of the culpable negligence of the various departments at Washington in regard to the invaluable collections of state papers, documents, and correspondence in their several charges. Since then there seems to have been some slight awakening to the fact that papers of such importance have no right to be exposed to the indiscriminate handling of countless visitors. A recent investigation in the Department of the Interior, and since carried on in the State and War Departments, discovered *hundreds* of mutilated papers and collections of papers. Signatures cut out, letters abstracted, and in some places the whole of important documents missing. From personal observation I should say that in none of the departments does there seem to be any sense of the importance of these collections. There should be a rigorous overhauling of the government archives; a complete catalogue made (of what is left), and then some one person should be made rigidly responsible for its care. Then only will a stop be put to the vandalism of autograph-hunters and curiosity-collectors.

The centennial anniversary of Carlyle's birth on December 4th slipped by without attracting any attention here, though, of course, in London there were very interesting commemorative ceremonies, including the handing over to trustees of the deed of trust of the recently purchased Carlyle memorial in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, at which Mr. John Morley presided. The omission of any particular demonstration or comment on the occasion in this country is the more remarkable when we recall that Carlyle was known and appreciated by Americans, largely through the instrumentality of Emerson, long before his own countrymen yielded him his due. But the reason is not far to seek. Carlyle was too great a man ever to be popular; his vigorous, robust intellect was too forceful for this anemic age, and

to most people to-day he is nothing but a name. His message to the world, though, making as it did for stronger men and finer ideals, will never be lost; and little would he have cared, once the results achieved for which he strived, for so fruitless a thing as fame.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### The Dunraven Inquiry.

THE addition of Hon. E. J. Phelps and Captain A. T. Mahan, United States Navy, to the committee appointed for the purpose of investigating the charges of Lord Dunraven, alleging fraudulent practices in connection with the international yacht-races in which he was so signally vanquished, is an incident of more than ordinary significance. It affords a very conclusive proof of the desire of the



HON. E. J. PHELPS.

members of the New York Yacht Club that the inquiry shall be thorough and impartial, and that its conclusions shall be beyond the possibility of question. The gentlemen originally appointed constituted a committee whose integrity and trustworthiness would not have been challenged by any American citizen; with men of the standing of ex-Minister Phelps and Captain Mahan, both of whom are exceptionally popular in England, co-operating in the investigation, every fair-minded Englishman will be compelled to assent in the justice of the verdict reached. No tribunal of equal dignity and worth has ever been raised, anywhere, for the determination of a question of fair play in international sport. If Dunraven has any evidence to support his extraordinary charges he may be sure that it will be fairly considered, but if he has no such evidence—if it shall appear that he deliberately assailed the good name of honorable men upon mere suspicion or for the purpose of getting sympathy at home—he may be equally sure that the fact will be disclosed and he will be pilloried as he deserves in the popular execration.



CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN.

### Havemeyer a Baron.

THEODORE A. HAVEMEYER, for twenty-five years Austrian consul at this port, has been created a baron of the Order of Leopold by Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Mr. Havemeyer has retired from the consulate, and his successor, Herr Frank Ritter von Stockinger, has the honor to present him with the insignia of the order in which he has been created a nobleman.



BARON T. A. HAVEMEYER.

Refining Company, better known as the sugar trust. He is rated as being worth forty million dollars, and stands among the dozen or less of America's great millionaires. He was born in this city, but he has spent much of his life in Germany in the interest of the Havemeyer sugar interests. He inherited the great sugar properties established by his grandfather, and was the organizer of the sugar trust. William F. Havemeyer, a cousin of his father, was the candidate of the Committee of Seventy for Mayor, and assisted materially in overthrowing the Tweed ring, being elected mayor by the united efforts of those opposed to Mr. Tweed's methods of government.

The order in which Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer has

been created a baron has as its hereditary grand master the Emperor of Austria. It requires, as the acceptance of the title, that the candidate swear full allegiance to the house and flag of the Hapsburgs, the grand master having power, however, to dispense with the oath. When the oath is dispensed with, however, the candidate only becomes an honorary baron, and not a peer of the house of Austria. If Baron Havemeyer takes the oath it is tantamount to forswearing allegiance to his native country, as he would then cease to be a citizen of the United States. He has not confided his intentions in this regard to any one, but still continues to sign his name to sugar-certificates with the utmost composure, notwithstanding the weight of the baronial ermine on his shoulders.

### Boston's New Mayor.

WHETHER the city of Boston will have reason, a year or two hence, to felicitate itself upon the election of Mr.



JOSIAH QUINCY.

Josiah Quincy to the mayoralty, is yet to be determined. His predecessor, Mayor Curtis, has given the city a cleanly and efficient administration, and he was quite generally supported by business men with whom partisan feeling did not predominate. There was no apparent reason for a change. Mr.

Quincy, however, was put forward as the ideal Democrat, with the avowed purpose of re-establishing Democratic ascendancy, and Boston, being a Democratic city, he was successful. There is no doubt as to his personal integrity, but his public career scarcely justifies a confidence either in his executive capacity or his ability to divest himself of partisan considerations in the discharge of official duty. He may not, in his administration of his office, subordinate the public interests in all things to partisan considerations, but he will be quite certain, if his record counts for anything, to persuade himself that Democrats are the only available and trustworthy agents for the management of public affairs.

### Republican Discord in New York.

THE result of the recent Republican primaries in this city is a disappointment to many of the friends of reform in the party management. It had been hoped that, with a fair and full expression of the party sentiment, new influences would become dominant in the party policy, but this result was not reached, and seems to be as remote, indeed,



MR. WILLIAM BROOKFIELD.

as ever. It is unfortunate that the Republicans of this metropolis should present to the country a spectacle of perpetual dissension and discord, and it is doubly unfortunate that the party as such should be unwilling, as it seems to be, to assert itself in a positive way for the settlement of the party policy in harmony with the highest demands of patriotic principle. In the recent contest Mr. William Brookfield, late Commissioner of Public Works, was conspicuous as a leader of the reform forces, and, while he was not successful, it is not at all probable that the struggle will be abandoned. Mr. Brookfield is a man of the purest motives and highest integrity, but he lacks somewhat of the aggressive audacity and force which are required in modern political leadership, and this fact has undoubtedly diminished in some degree the influence he would otherwise command.

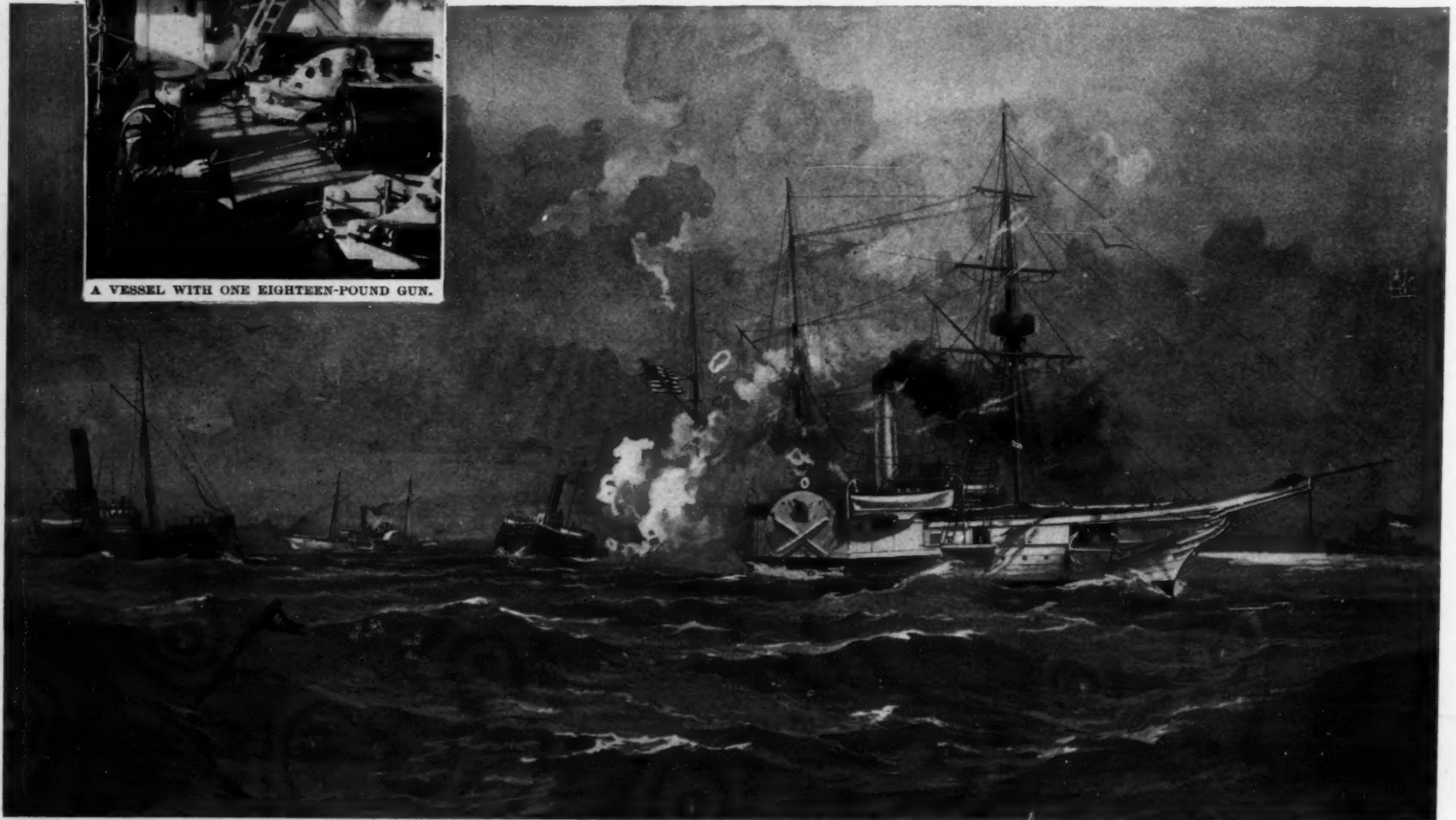




THE MYSTERIOUS CANADIAN CRUISER.

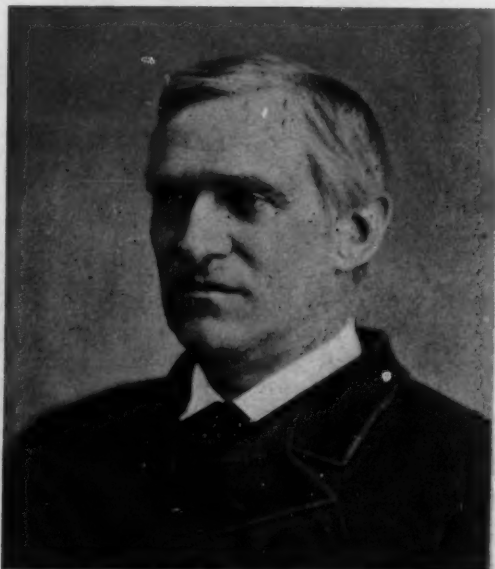


A VESSEL WITH ONE EIGHTEEN-POUND GUN.



THE FOURTH-RATE CRUISER "MICHIGAN," SOLE DEFENDER OF AMERICAN INTERESTS.

THE INSUFFICIENT DEFENSES OF THE NORTHERN LAKES.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, UNITED STATES  
AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BOCARDUS & CO.



HON. WILLIAM E. BARRETT, INTRODUCER OF THE  
HOUSE RESOLUTION FOR AMBASSADOR  
BAYARD'S IMPEACHMENT.



SAMUEL GOMPERS, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE  
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.





"He brought down his sword upon the wrist of the investigating hand."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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XL.

MARIE BRUYSET AND THE CHESS-PLAYER.



OES the artist, Mademoiselle Bruyset, live hereabouts?" asked a white-haired gentleman, soberly clad in black.

"Yes, citizen," said a tenant of the building (which is well known to the reader, in the Rue Barnabé) who was lounging in the doorway. "On the top floor."

"She paints miniatures; is that so, my friend?"

"She might be better occupied," said the lounge; "but that is her business, I believe."

"Thank you," said Monsieur Melville. "I have a commission for her."

He ascended the old oak stairway, paused on the landings to observe the rooms of the other lodgers, and presently knocked at Marie's door.

She opened it. Monsieur bowed. "Enter, if you please," said Marie.

"You are alone?"

"Yes."

"What is behind the curtain?"

"My little room."

"The one you told me of?"

"Yes."

"Draw the curtain."

She drew it, and, opening a door, exposed the apartment in which Jaffray Ellicott had found his hiding-place early in the adventures of this narrative.

"It is well. And what is your report?"

"The queen declines."

"What did she say?"

"I fear failure," she said. "It would mean the death of the dauphin; it would bring many friends to the scaffold."

"And you said?"

"I assure you, madam," I replied, "that the scheme is perfect: you will honor me by wearing my clothes; I remain here in your place, you go out free; that is secured. There is no weakness in a single detail."

"And then?"

"I have decided," she replied; "I have fully considered. I am deeply sensible of the devotion of my friends; you, my child, have my warmest gratitude." She took me in her arms and kissed me; oh, so thin and worn and weak, it made my heart bleed!"

"You urged her all you could?"

"I left nothing unsaid or undone."

"You believe her decision is final?"

"I am sure it is. She will follow the king to heaven."

"We are all sure of our reward there, my dear mademoiselle; but we want a little here below. You are a brave girl. Permit me to kiss your hand."

She held forth her hand. Having kissed the tips of her fingers, he took from his pocket a ring and, laying it in her white palm, said: "Wear this, as a souvenir of our good intentions."

"Thank you, monsieur," said Marie, putting it on her middle finger. "It is a ruby."

"It typifies our agony," said Melville with a cold smile.

There was a knock at the door.

"Enter!" said Marie.

Laroche walked in. Melville's back was toward him.



"Then, mademoiselle, we shall say two miniatures, if you please—Robespierre and Danton, the saviours of France."

"Thank you, citizen. You are a generous patron."

"Not so generous as you think. Your price must be less, mademoiselle, in proportion, for the two. But we will discuss that later."

Then, turning round, he saw Laroche.

"Citizen Laroche!" he said. "How do you do, monsieur? If it is not too early, a pinch of snuff?"

"Thank you, Citizen Melville," said Laroche, dipping his thick fingers into Melville's jeweled box, and at the same time looking at Marie with a suspicious twinkle in his deep-set eyes.

"You rarely patronize the Café de la Régence nowadays," said Melville.

"No time for cafés," said Laroche; "too busy with prisons."

After some further converse, Melville took his leave with a courtly salutation.

"What is he here for?" asked Laroche the moment that Melville was beyond hearing. "Not to commission portraits."

"Yes, to commission portraits," said Marie. "And I would rather make a miniature of you than of your two friends."

"There is some intrigue going on at the Conciergerie?"

"Indeed! In which Citizen Melville is concerned? Why, father, you are losing your wits."

"I saw you yesterday in the court-yard talking to the bitterest opponent of the republic. I saw his face, could almost read his thoughts; and you were encouraging his hopes, whatever they were. But he shall go to the scaffold tomorrow. I have spoken to Fouquier-Tinville; and that is all you have done for him."

Marie sighed and leaned against the window.

"The scaffold! All that is good and noblest goes to the scaffold. You will leave no one worth living with. The poor man wanted me to convey a letter to his wife. I said I would ask your permission."

"Thank you. It is a lie. You said you would do what he wished."

"Since you know so well that you call me a liar, why, there is no more to be said."

"Marie," Laroche replied with a sudden change of tone. "Marie! You are the torment of my life. I would die for you, but it is worse than death to be fooled and held cheap by you. You know you lie to me every day; you know you are untrue to the republic; you know you wear its colors and hate it all the time. What is to become of you?"

"Leave me alone," she said. "I will never compromise you. I do lie to you, I admit it. But you should not compel me to do so; the lies are yours. The truth would be a dagger. And yet I do you no harm. If I rescue one victim, what is that to you? You have fifty others by way of compensation. One poor creature to my share is not much."

"You are a fool, Marie—a fool. You will lose your head. If you continue your intrigues it is not possible that you can escape—"

"Unless you help me."

"I cannot help you; I will not help you."

"Yes, you will. Once—only once."

"What is it?"

"Above the queen herself I love the Citizenne Mathilde de Fournier. If I could snatch the queen from the clutches of Fouquier-Tinville I would."

"Sacré nom! I must not listen to you."

"You shall! I am your daughter; I love you," and she flung her arms about his neck.

"What would you do for me if some wretch forced me to marry him against my will; me, your child, your only child?"

Marie, balked of one prize, now went for another; and she was too much of a woman for Laroche. He had no other love in life but this girl, and he kissed her white arms as they fondled him.

"You don't answer, but I know what you would say. Give me access to Mathilde de Fournier. I have been there. They refused even your pass; said it did not apply in this case."

"What would you?"

"I want to see her."

"I will take you there. Come now."

"Will you leave me there?"

"Yes."

"And let me stay as long as I please?"

"As long as you please," said Laroche. "But never again speak of me as the sleuth-hound—never again as any other than your father! I will put on my hat."

"A good thing Fournier is not alive to warn the citizenne, his wife, of the secret place in the wainscot of her boudoir," thought Laroche, as he smiled with grim approval of a plan to overhear Marie's interview with the prisoner of the Hôtel de Fournier.

## XLI.

GRÉBAUVAL AND LAROCHE IN COUNCIL.

At the entrance of the hotel a messenger on horseback called Laroche by name.

Laroche turned, to receive a letter.

"Come to me at once," he read above the signature of Grébaulval.

"Take my horse, citizen," said the messenger. "Admit the citizenne, my daughter," said Laroche to the janitor, "to see the Citizenne Fournier; now, and at any time."

"Thank you, father," said Marie, as she entered the gateway.

Laroche mounted the messenger's horse and rode to the Palais de Justice. He did not notice the weather, except to feel a certain buoyancy in his blood. It had been wintry and cold. This morning there was a soft westerly wind and blue skies. It was the first harbinger of the coming spring.

Giving his horse in charge of a porter in attendance at Grébaulval's private door, he ascended an old rambling stairway, and presently, after passing the usual guards, was admitted into Grébaulval's principal ante-room, where he found Jaffray Ellicott hard at work.

"Good-morning, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche.

"The same to you, citizen," said Jaffray; "Monsieur Grébaulval is expecting you."

"I am at his service."

Jaffray left his desk to acquaint Grébaulval with Laroche's arrival.

"Come this way," said Grébaulval, as Laroche entered the large room, with its bay window and balcony; and he opened a door in the wainscot. Closing it behind his visitor, he said, "I have been waiting for you."

"I am sorry," said Laroche, looking round the closet into which Grébaulval had brought him.

"You have been here before?" said Grébaulval.

"Once," said Laroche.

"The day I gave you instructions about the flight of de Fournier to Honfleur."

"The Delaunys," said Laroche.

"It is the same thing. The Delaunys gave the cue to the rest."

"You reserve this closet for great occasions," said Laroche, willing to avoid further reference to the Honfleur incident, for which Grébaulval always took all the credit whenever he and Laroche compared notes about services to the republic.

"For great occasions, as you say, Laroche; and for secrets that belong to you and me."

"This is a great occasion, then?"

"Yes. Do you know the Cercle des Boutons Blancs?"

"I know every club and every coffee-house in Paris—Jacobins, Royalists, financial, atheistic, the Noirs, the Woolen Caps, the Ladies, the Liberals, the Voltaire, the Pikes. What would you, monsieur? Is it to interrogate the police or to employ its most responsible agent?"

"You are right, Laroche; it is better to appear wise than to confess your ignorance. I will tell you all about the Buttons. This is their insignia."

He handed a white button, set in rich gold, to Laroche, who turned it over and gave it back to Grébaulval.

"You know it?"

"I have seen it before."

"It was given to me by a young fellow in return for his wife. She had been indiscreet; had threatened the life of Robespierre. I have given them a passport and escort; they have left France."

"You are too generous," said Laroche.

"You cannot be too generous in rewarding a generous spy. He had only been married a month, and the poor devil was madly in love with his wife; she mad on royalty and hatred of Robespierre. Have you seen this before?"

He laid upon the table a pen-and-ink plan.

Laroche bent over it.

"I know the place," said Laroche; "it was originally a monastic establishment. It is in the midst of crooked streets and passages, has three approaches, would require sets of earth-stoppers as they hunt vermin. It is easy to burrow in the monastery of the Cercle des Boutons Blancs. There are galleries above and below, and many exits."

"To-night there will be a full muster. They meet to condole with each other on the failure of a plan to rescue the queen."

"I frustrated it," said Laroche, though he had done nothing of the kind.

"You were acquainted with the plot and did not take me into your confidence?"

"You are a busy man," said Laroche, "and Paris is full of plots and plotters."

Laroche, it is true, had received some vague intelligence that had made him watchful, and he had suggested extra precautions to hold the queen beyond all possibility of any attempt at release.

"The chief of the Buttons is one Melville, the very man who is a regular habitué at the Café de la Régence," said Grébaulval.

"You have been duped, monsieur," said Laroche.

"I think not," Grébaulval replied. "I have discussed him with the Citizen Robespierre, who plays chess with him, and finds in his conversation a decided royalist tendency."

"Well, monsieur?"

"Do you know this Melville?"

"Yes."

"Do you think him honest?"

"Not if he is the chief of the Buttons, and it is a treasonable club."

"Its watchwords are royalist, its rallying-cry royalist; its cockade is white, and it calls itself the Club of the White Buttons."

"And Monsieur Melville, who is known at the Café de la Régence, is its chief?"

"Yes; and it counts among its members one de Fournier, a *ci-devant* comte."

"Counted," said Laroche.

"Counts!" repeated Grébaulval, his dark face working with exultation at his triumph over Laroche.

"He lives, then?" said Laroche calmly.

"You remember the attack on the patriots en route for the Conciergerie on the second of September?"

"Yes."

"De Fournier led it."

"My report was against Daniel, the giant," said Laroche.

"He was there. But now to business. I have been amusing myself with drums and trumpets, and marching and countermarching, with pawns and castles and bishops and knights before crying check; and now we'll call the game a draw and begin afresh. What is the time?"

"Three o'clock," said Laroche.

"Good; you will have time to study your map and make your dispositions, and we will drink to your great success."

Grébaulval drew from a small cabinet a bottle of red wine, which he opened; and, placing glasses upon the table, said, "Drink, my friend."

"To France!" said Laroche, emptying his goblet.

"To Laroche!" said Grébaulval, with a sinister smile.

"Thank you, monsieur," said Laroche.

Grébaulval stretched his well-shaped legs, in their light, well-fitting nankeen, flung open his coat, and contemplated Laroche.

"You thought him dead?"

"I did," said Laroche, a little more at his ease since Grébaulval's conciliatory speeches, and under the pleasant stimulus of his fine red wine.

"I thought so, too," said Grébaulval. "But he has the d—d audacity to live, and just when his wife had put on her mourning gown, too. To-night, Laroche, we must have him, dead or alive—all the better if dead; then there will be no resurrection for 'Louissette'—one of the nicknames for the guillotine."

"He attends the meeting of the White Buttons?"

"To-night, as the clock strikes twelve, they meet. He has arrived from an expedition in connection with the plot to rescue the queen. He had charge of the military part of the business and was in communication with the Austrians."

Laroche did not hate de Fournier as Grébaulval hated him, but Marie's devotion to the family of the de Louvets was a thorn in his side.

"You have ample evidence of the complicity of Citizen Melville?"

"Ample," said Grébaulval, unlocking a drawer close by his chair and taking out a bundle of papers, which he handed to Laroche.

"Warrants?" said Laroche.

"For the arrest of de Fournier, Daniel, Melville, and every man, woman, and child found on the premises of the Cercle des Boutons Blancs. Take as many men as you require. The Commune will give you a regiment if you want it."

"A few earth-stoppers," said Laroche, "and just enough to cope with a roomful, eh? How many shall we find there?"

"Fifty, at least. But if you are my true friend, Laroche, have eyes for only one—for the man de Fournier! And you will want all your eyes; his disguises are as numerous as his escapes. They say he is as much at home in the attire of a peasant as he is in that of a brigand. D—n him for coming back! Your hand, Laroche; I wish you luck."

## XLII.

THE SIEGE OF THE CERCLE DES BOUTONS BLANCS.

"It is to be a fight, gentlemen," said Melville. "Alençon has betrayed us."

"The beast!" exclaimed Daniel.

"It was to save his wife," said Melville.

"He gives up half a hundred of his comrades, not to mention France, for a woman."

"It is half-past eleven, gentlemen," said Melville. "Already two of our exits are stopped by officers dressed as ordinary citizens, but armed to the teeth. At the Windmill Tavern, in the Rue Verte, twenty gendarmes are lying perdu. Around the arch, under cover at various points, are a hundred others. They will not move until twelve. We are one member of our expected company short; our friend Rénier, otherwise the gallant Count de Fournier."

"As brave as a lion, and a soldier of discretion," said Daniel. "If he does not come he will be missed, if it is to be a fight."

"It is to be a fight, gentlemen," said Melville, seriously; "and a fight to the death. Let each of us be prepared."

"We are well armed," said Daniel.

"We can only be attacked in force at the main entrance. The three other exits are already guarded. As only one man can pass at a time, so two men in each corridor may defend them from a hundred. These posts are filled. But just as we can hold them from within, aided by barriers and well-contrived barbettes, so may they be held from without against egress."

"Then we are in a trap," said a hitherto silent member.

"No," answered Melville. "We have plenty of room for retreat, over the bodies of our assailants, through the main doorway; and we have the galleries above, that lead to the roofs. The three exits, regarded as secret ways, have been given up to the enemy; but we can certainly prevent him from attacking us in the rear from these points. If he is strongly posted there he may equally prevent us from getting out that way. At the worst, any man who is driven to seek such relief may take his chance of the struggle. My own view is that we shall make our stand here and fight for the open. In retreat, safe hiding, decent quarters, and friendly hands may be found at the Black Eagle, between the Abbaye and the Conciergerie. And now, gentlemen, it remains to say who shall command us."

At this moment every one heard the report of a pistol and the clash of arms. The sound came from the direction of the main entrance.

"An attack on the outer guard," said Melville, "our first line of defense."

They all listened. Then was heard the slamming of a heavy door and the drawing of bolts and bars.

"The second line of defense lets down its drawbridge," said Melville; "otherwise closes its gates."

As he spoke de Fournier, his sword drawn, the blade reeking, dashed in among them, followed by the outer guardians of the club, each in fighting trim.

"Welcome, Rénier! Vive Rénier! God save the White Buttons!" and other cries greeted de Fournier and his companions.

"Thanks, messieurs," said de Fournier. "As I passed beneath the archway I thought I was followed. I paused some time before advancing to the first barrier. As I drew myself carefully out of the darkness and gave the signals, I felt that I had more than one attendant at my heels. I whispered the word before they were near enough to hear it. The stone gave way, but more slowly than usual. Before it could swing back a rush was made, and it was held in transitu while two men forced their way in. I had my blade ready, but the space was too narrow for much use. However, as I knocked at the second door and gave the word, with my name and the club's warning, a pistol was fired, and I turned to meet several assailants. The opening of the second doorway gave me elbow-room. The faithful janitor joined me. It was quick work. The man who fired had his pistol, smoking, in his hand. Hitherto I had known him for a brave man, though a police-agent—Laroche!"

A groan greeted the well-known name.

De Fournier wiped his sword as he continued: "Then there was a brief struggle between my two friends and what might be called the rear-guard; the door was suddenly swung back, and here we are!"

"An affair of outposts," said Melville; "but the general attack is only a question of minutes. Gentlemen, de Fournier takes command! Is that your wish?"

"Yes; de Fournier!" was the response. "De Fournier!"

"Messieurs, I accept," said de Fournier.

"Then permit me to show you the chart of the club and its present defense," said Melville, spreading before him a plan similar to that which Grébaulval and Laroche had already examined together.

"Show me the passages of exit," said de Fournier, "and let me see the men on duty there."

"Follow me," said Melville, leaving the general room, while the enemy began to make himself heard at the portal of the club, striking the heavy doors with the butt-ends of muskets, and demanding admission "in the name of the law."

"Aye, you scum of the earth! Batter away. You will need a big gun before those old doors come down, I'm thinking," said Daniel.

And now de Fournier returned.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is a game that needs no strategy. Melville tells me that we have been betrayed. Our secret is in the hands of the police; the plan of our citadel in possession of Grébaulval, and Laroche, the creature of Robespierre and the Commune, has civil charge of the military force now laying siege



to the club. These men give quarter and take prisoners; nevertheless they are fiends compared with the forces in the field whose motto is 'No quarter and no prisoners.' If Laroche and his crew can save their own skins by taking prisoners, they prefer it; but their 'No quarter' comes when they have taken their prisoners. Daniel's watchword, when we fought together for a brief ten minutes, was 'Death rather than surrender'—'Die, but don't be taken!' "

"Daniel was right!" shouted several voices.

"Die, but don't surrender," must be our motto, which does not mean retreat, even before overwhelming odds; but if retreat is our better fortune, let no man postpone death by a present surrender. Death, rather than the shackles of Laroche! But, having defeated the enemy, we must evacuate the club; then, as in retreat, every man for himself, by such exits as are known and can be found. And now, messieurs, the enemy is getting impatient. Five-and-twenty to the right, with our well-beloved brother, Daniel, in command. Five-and-twenty to the left, under our dear and wise counselor, Monsieur Melville. Take your word from them. They will take theirs from me. Messieurs, to your posts!"

The clubmen marched to the farther end of the room. Daniel flung open the inner doors, which were too light for defense. The clubmen ranged themselves on each side of the heavy double barrier of barred and bolted gates, which were shaking under the blows of the besiegers, whose muskets had been supplemented with sledge-hammers.

"The timbers on the right will give way first," said de Fournier. "Monsieur Daniel, your men will know how to deal with the first heads that seek for information there."

"Trust them!" said Daniel.

Powerful arms were now at work, blow upon blow. It was like the thunder of some vast iron foundry. The wood was as hard as iron, but one of the planks began to give way. Presently part of it fell inward amidst a ringing cheer from without.

Another engine had been added. A balk of timber had been swung between trestles, and the battering-ram struck the gates at intervals between the blows of the hammers.

"They might have mined it and blown it to blazes," said Daniel; "but they are playing our game, and it will be a bloody one in five minutes."

The left-hand part of the gates began to give. The staples of the bolts were loosened. Another swing of the battering-ram and a great panel broke away from its rivets in splinters.

A cheer followed. Then silence.

"The brutes have fled!" said a voice from among the besiegers.

De Fournier laid his finger on his lips.

"There is a bar as well as a bolt," said the voice. "Sergeant, thrust in your hand and lift it."

An arm was thrust through the opening. The hand began to grapple with the bar.

Daniel looked at de Fournier. De Fournier nodded approvingly to Daniel. The defender nearest the door, on the left, looked at the giant, who passed on to him the nod of the commander-in-chief. Every eye was fixed upon the hand. It was partly illuminated by the light from without. The attackers carried torches. Inside the club the lights had been extinguished, except those that burned at the exits. The defender who took Daniel's silent command was tall, gaunt, and angular. Stepping back, so as to swing his sword conveniently, he raised his weapon with a military flourish, and brought it down upon the wrist of the investigating hand. The latter fell, with a flabby thud, upon the pavement. A scream of pain and a yell of execration announced the effect of the first blow of the defenders, who maintained their silence and kept clear of all possible observation from without.

Another voice was heard.

"Blow the gates down with powder, captain," it said.

It was the voice of Laroche. More than one of the defenders knew it.

Then began a fresh attack upon the trembling gates, with hammers, rammers, and muskets. The gates shook on their great hinges, but they did not give. The staples of a bolt were loosened, however, and presently a big square piece of planking surrendered to the battering-ram. It parted in splinters. There was almost room for a man to enter.

"Don't wait for the word," said de Fournier, in a loud whisper. "When they storm, let the nearest men go for the nearest heads; and don't overcrowd each other."

As he spoke half of the left-hand gate fell with a crash, and there was a rush into the breach. It was met with a concentrated pistol fire that staggered the assailants and cleared the breach.

The first shout of defiance escaped the defenders. Yells, curses, words of command, from without, drowned the shouts within. Then a

fresh effort to break down the remainder of the door was made. In a few minutes the tottering timbers of the left gate fell. The other half still remained fixed in its staples and bolts. The besiegers resolved to charge through the opening. This made the defense easier for the moment. The enemy fired a volley into the breach, and charged. They were met with fire and sword and club with a promptitude that drove them back howling.

A second and a third charge were made, with unbounded pluck and persistence. The third onslaught gave them a footing inside the assembly-room of the club, which had originally been the monks' refectory. The torches of the besiegers flashed upon fifty faces glowing with heroic endeavor.

Melville, with his back against a stone jamb of the fire-place, kept a clear space around him, barred in by a circle of dead.

De Fournier fought like a tiger; now high above the rest, standing on his prostrate foes; now down upon the level, in deadly wrestling. Men fell on both sides, amidst the crash of glass and the breaking of furniture; always with lurid lights and smoking torches. The room of assembly was a shambles.

Laroche, after some fumbling, protected by a dozen bayonets, succeeded in opening the right-hand gate, and re-enforcements of the Commune's troops poured in.

"Each for himself!" shouted de Fournier—the signal for retreat; and thereupon, as if by magic, the despairing defenders disappeared, leaving their assailants in full possession of the club-room and its dead members; for not one of those who had fallen but had breathed his last. The motto, "Death rather than surrender," had been observed.

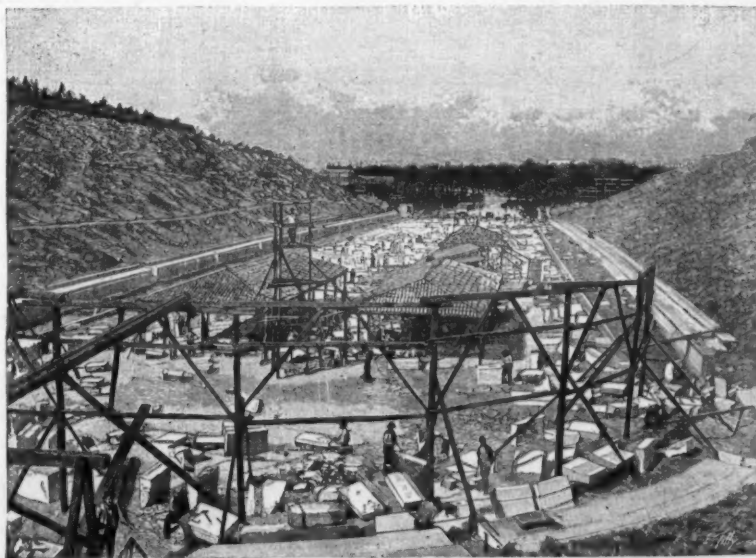
And now there were hand-to-hand fights at the doors of the three exits, and running encounters along the less-invested galleries. Laroche had kept well within the shaded protection of the right-hand gate, his eyes upon de Fournier, ready for either emergency, the death of his man or his attempted flight. The moment de Fournier gave the word, "Each for himself," Laroche pushed his way through the ghastly obstructions with two chosen followers and dashed after the count, who, bleeding as he retreated, made for the gallery stairways to the roof. At an angle of the gallery he turned and struck down Laroche's torch-bearer; and then, doubling, took another way, while Laroche and his companion blundered on ahead.

Within half an hour of the words, "Each for himself," twenty White Buttons were scattered over the regions about the Rue de la Monnaie and the Pont Neuf, seeking shelter. De Fournier found his way to the Black Eagle, almost within the double shadows of the Abbaye and the Conciergerie, and near enough to hear their clocks strike the first hour of daylight.

(To be continued.)

## Revival of the Olympic Games at Athens.

THE latest resurrection of "the grandeur that was Greece" takes the form of a complete and accurate restoration of the famous arena and stadium of Olympus, at Athens, preparatory to the revival, on a magnificent scale, of the classic Olympian games of the age of Pericles. This enterprise is due primarily to the



RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT PAN-ATHENIAN ARENA IN GREECE.

munificence of a rich Hellenic citizen, Mr. G. Avéroff, and has met with enthusiastic encouragement universally. The general aspect of the arena, and the present state of the work of reconstruction, are shown in the picture which we reproduce on this page, from the Paris Illustration. The arena, formed in the natural hollow between two parallel hills, is

something over six hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide, one side being occupied by a hemicycle and stadium, or stage, from which the view in this picture is taken. Around the amphitheatre rise the tiers of seats, in marble and masonry, providing accommodation for at least fifty thousand spectators. All the arrangements, including the disposition of the arcades, passages, entrances and exits for the athletes, etc., scrupulously reproduce those of the ancient stadium, the ruins of which have been carefully studied and re-adapted. The situation is charming, and in the distance are caught glimpses of the Royal Palace on the right, and of the Zappeion, or Palace of Industry, on the left. Here, between the towering Acropolis and the purple sea, with the same pure sky overhead that Homer sang, the athletes of the world will meet as of old in friendly strife; and, with the attracted concourse of the beauty and wealth of modern civilization, Athens may well deem her antique glory come again.

## Li Hung Chang's Gratitude.

It will be remembered that when Li Hung Chang was shot and wounded by a Japanese fanatic at Shimonosaki, at the time he was negotiating there the treaty of peace, a celebrated Japanese surgeon, Dr. Sato, was immediately sent by the Emperor of Japan to look after the aged and unfortunate statesman. Dr. Sato is a great scholar and one of the most distinguished pupils and followers of the late Pasteur. He took the greatest interest in his distinguished patient, and cared for him for nights and days, with the result that Li Hung Chang soon recovered his health. The two men learned to admire and respect each other, and a true and sound friendship now exists between them. The Emperor of China and Li Hung Chang having forwarded some very valuable presents to Dr. Sato, the latter sent a letter of thanks, to which the great Chinese statesman has just made the following interesting answer:

"Dear Friend:—When I was wounded at Shimonosaki you were so good as to visit me, and by your exceptional skill to cure me of my injury. Such was your proficiency in your art that I was surprised to see my wound heal in a little more than ten days. My gratitude to you is so profound that words cannot adequately express it.

"You have now placed me in a fresh obligation by favoring me with an epistle overflowing with sentiments of the warmest friendship. In it you acknowledge the receipt of the things forwarded to you through the kindness of Plenipotentiary Ito. Out of respect to my imperial master you have been so kind as to say that these trifling presents will be preserved by you as a treasure. At the same time you are pleased to express thanks to me, which I do not at all deserve. Since my return home I have kept very quiet, and my health and spirits have steadily improved, so they are now in a normal condition. Even a rainy season lasting fully a month did not produce the slightest pain in the part where I was wounded. I beg you, therefore, to be at ease about my wound, especially as I mean to take all possible care of my health.

"Your country abounds with good physicians, but a proficient like yourself is not only too rarely found in the East, but also is equal to any even in the West. A good physician is like a good statesman, for it is the aim of both to alleviate the miseries of earthly existence. Let me hope with you that peace and tranquillity may last forever, and that people may be

## People Talked About.

—THE inauguration, on the 10th instant, of Colonel W. O. Bradley as Governor of Kentucky marks an epoch in the history of that State. As the first Republican Governor of the State he will have an opportunity to strengthen his party by a practical illustration of Republican principles and policies, and the tenor of his inaugural indicates that he proposes to utilize his authority to that end by consulting, in his official course, the highest interests of the people. His inaugural address took strong ground in favor of economy in expenditures, educational development, the purification of the ballot, the elevation of the character of the public service, a just system of taxation, and the suppression of violence against person and property.

—Captain King, the novelist, used to be known as the "boy-soldier" when he was an orderly on the staff of his father, the first officer commissioned a brigadier-general in Wisconsin. He was then only fifteen years old, but a mature and manly youth. Lincoln, his father's friend, appointed him a cadet at West Point in 1862, and he is now the Adjutant-General of Wisconsin, of which his fellow-cadet, Upham, is Governor. It was at the instance of the editor of a country weekly, for which Captain King was writing, that he was induced to attempt a war novel. The first product of his pen discouraged him, for several publishers refused it, and it was not until last year, when the author's fame was well established, that it was printed in Lippincott's Magazine.

—Stanley Weyman cast the manuscript of his first novel into the fire. Since his stories gained vogue he has become a very methodical writer. He considers about a thousand words—say a column of LESLIE'S WEEKLY—a sufficient day's work, and when he has begun a novel he usually prosecutes it to the end, with an occasional day off for hunting or some other form of out-door sport. Much of his work has been done in a house-boat on the river in the early morning. Although Mr. Weyman has been compared to Dumas, he has read but few of the French novelist's books. Stevenson and Kipling are his favorite authors.

—In considering the availability of Senator Allison for the Republican nomination for the Presidency no objection is made to his age, for, though he is sixty-seven, he is in the very prime of physical manhood. And yet he is reported to have eaten more elaborate dinners than any other man in public life in Washington. Mr. Allison has a reputation at the capital as a scholar and a wit, and he is one of the most cultivated members of the Senate. His knowledge of the fine arts is rare in a statesman, and few Americans maintain so intimate an acquaintance with the affairs of Europe—in politics, literature, and finance.

—The many readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will be pleased to learn that Edward Atkinson, who has contributed so frequently to the columns of the WEEKLY, has just published "The Science of Nutrition," a book that deals with the method of cooking in the "Aladdin Oven," which is the invention of Mr. Atkinson. This work contains full directions and many valuable recipes. Even in the advertising Mr. Atkinson has an ample idea. No advertisements are paid for; but the advertiser has the privilege of sending any number of copies for personal use, or for the use of the various libraries throughout the country.

—A gray cavalryman's coat, a pair of top-boots, and a sword would transform George Cary Eggleston, the novelist's brother and himself a distinguished author and editor, into a typical Confederate trooper. He wears ordinarily the slouch hat that would top off such a costume, and he has the physique and the voice of command that are essential to the character. He is no longer a man of fighting proclivities, however, but a busy editorial writer who puts enough labor into the ephemeral columns of a daily newspaper every year to produce half a dozen books.

—Mr. Walter F. Griffin, who holds a United States consular position in France, and who has frequently contributed to our columns, has recently published a volume entitled "Grandmont: Stories of an Old Monastery," which is receiving very favorable commendation from the press. The book deals with real personages who were prominent in the chivalry and monastic life of the olden time, and the strange and curious tales it relates have a peculiar fascination for the reader. The volume is finely illustrated.

—Senator Quay has taken the country into his confidence so far as to say that the story that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President is altogether unfounded. "I would not take it on a gold plate," says Mr. Quay. He denies also that he desires to be chairman of the Republican National Committee. "At my age the duties of the place would be the death of me." Senator Quay evidently understands his own limitations.

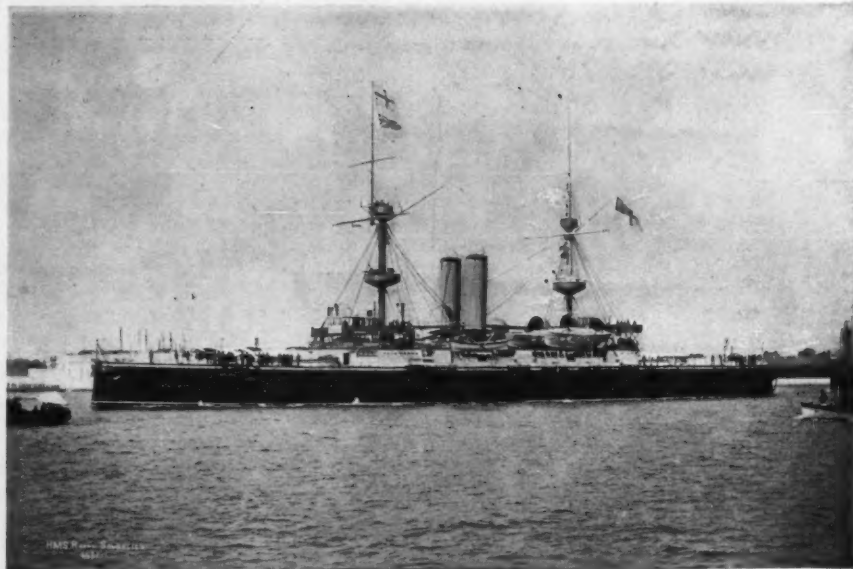
spared from sickness and wound alike. Do not believe that in expressing this hope any selfish motives enter my mind. Yours respectfully,

"LI HUNG CHANG.

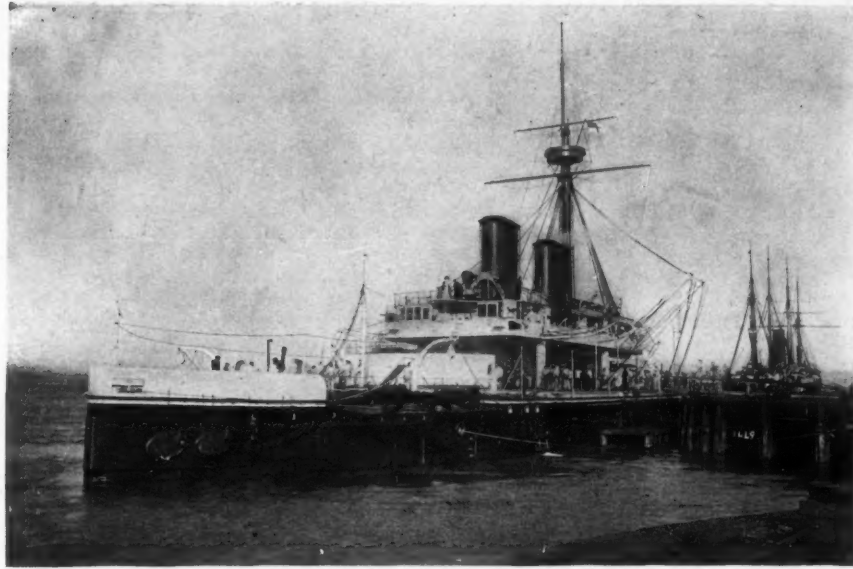
"To His Excellency, Dr. Sato Susumu."

Li Hung Chang claims that he never forgot an enemy nor a friend. His letter certainly seems to justify this statement. A. B. G.

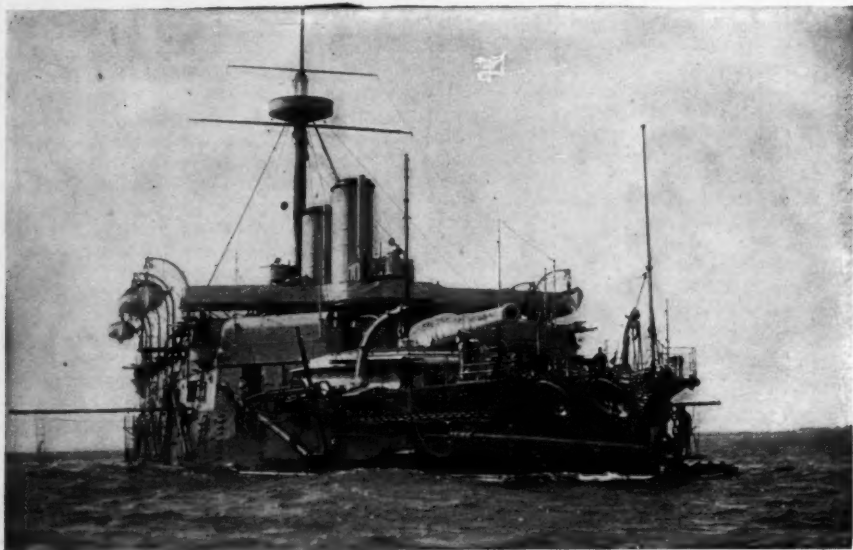




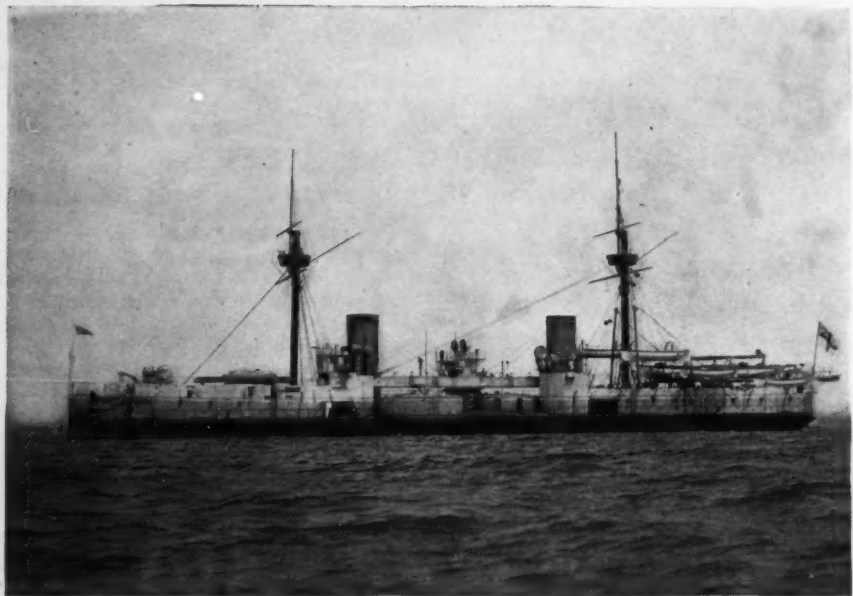
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."



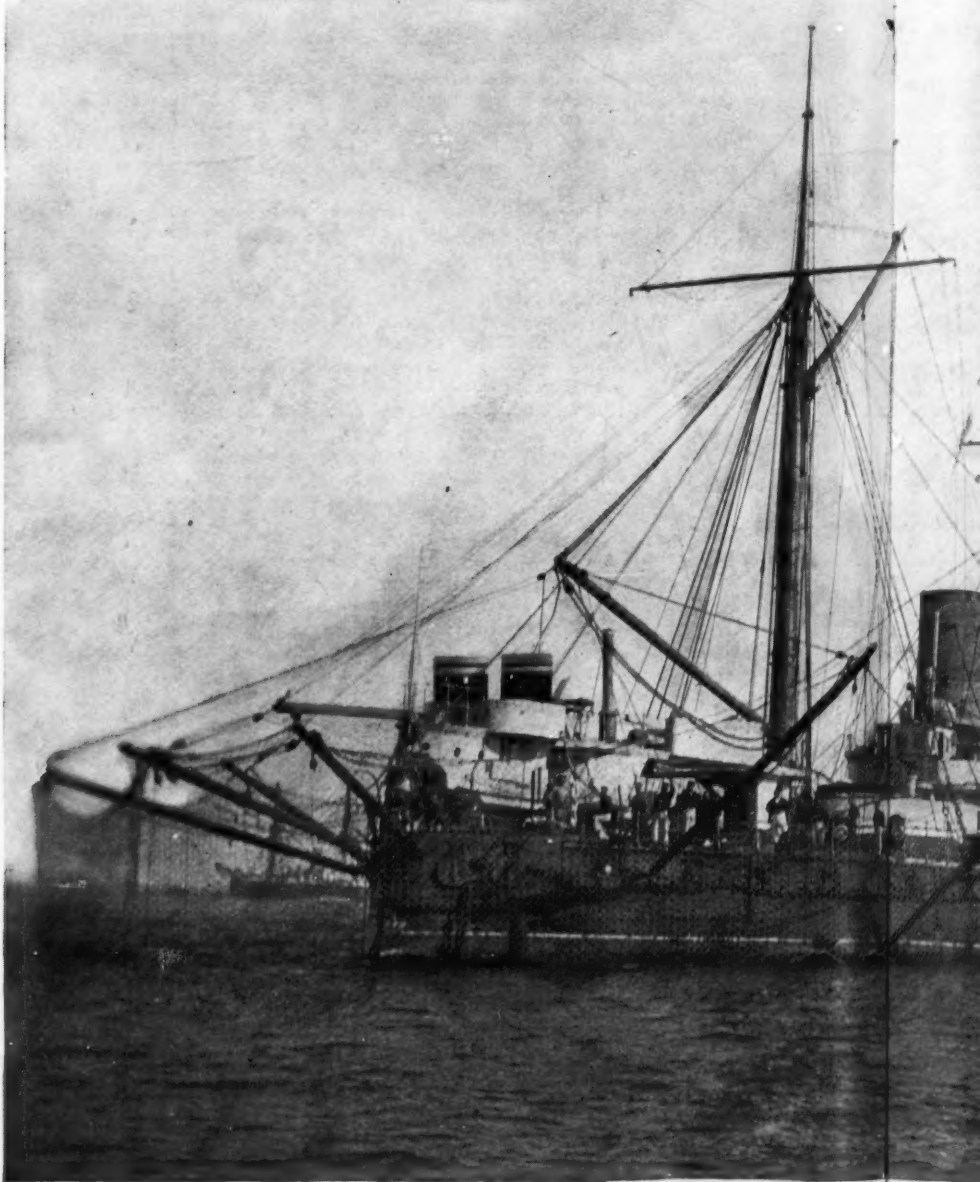
SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "DREADNAUGHT."



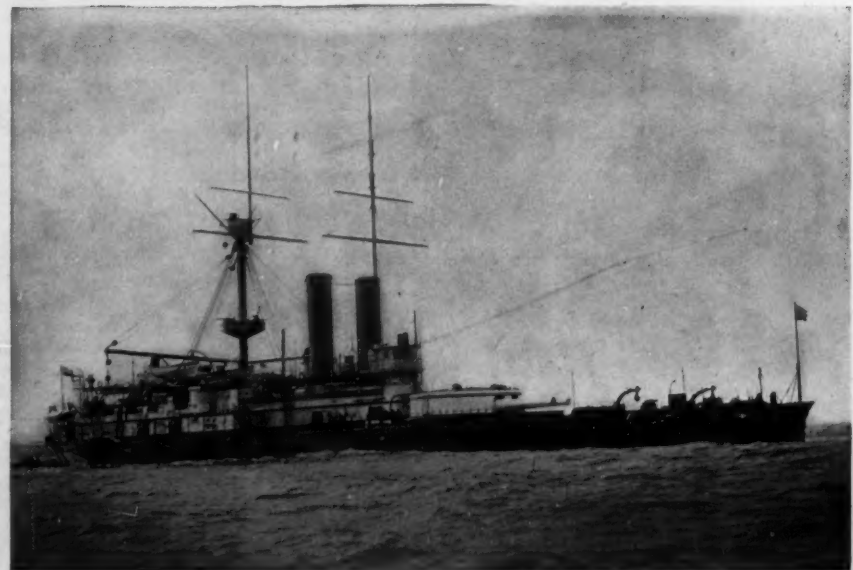
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "BENBOW."



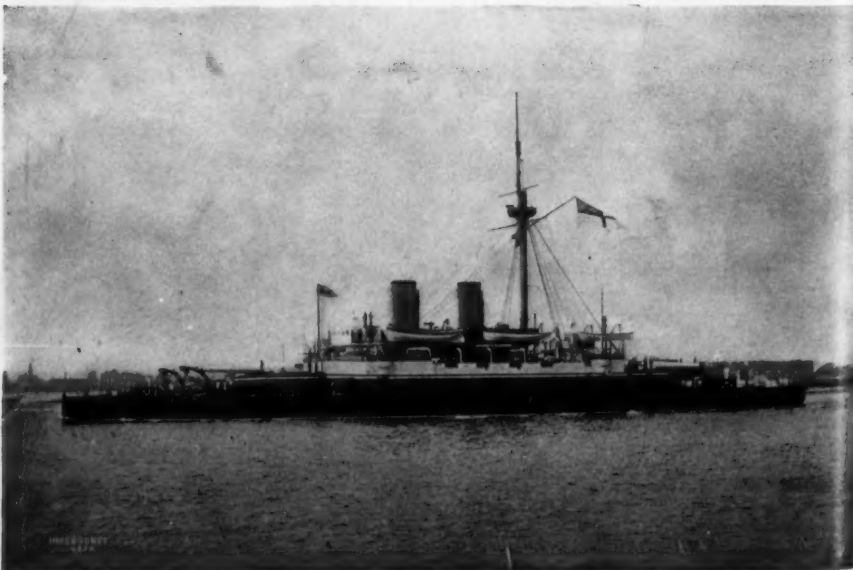
SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "INFLEXIBLE."



THE COAST-DEFENSE BATTLE-SHIP "HOPLUR," WITH



FIRST-CLASS TURRET-SHIP "SANSPAREIL."

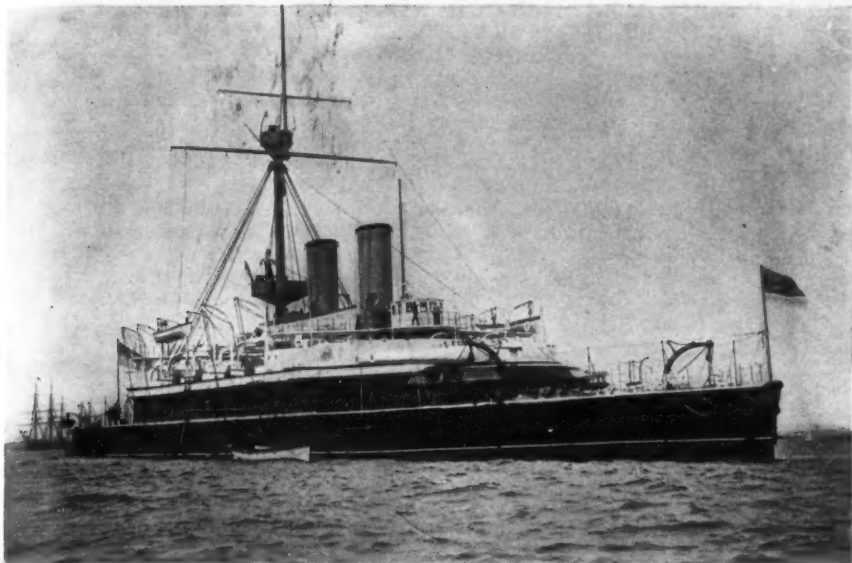


FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "RODNEY."

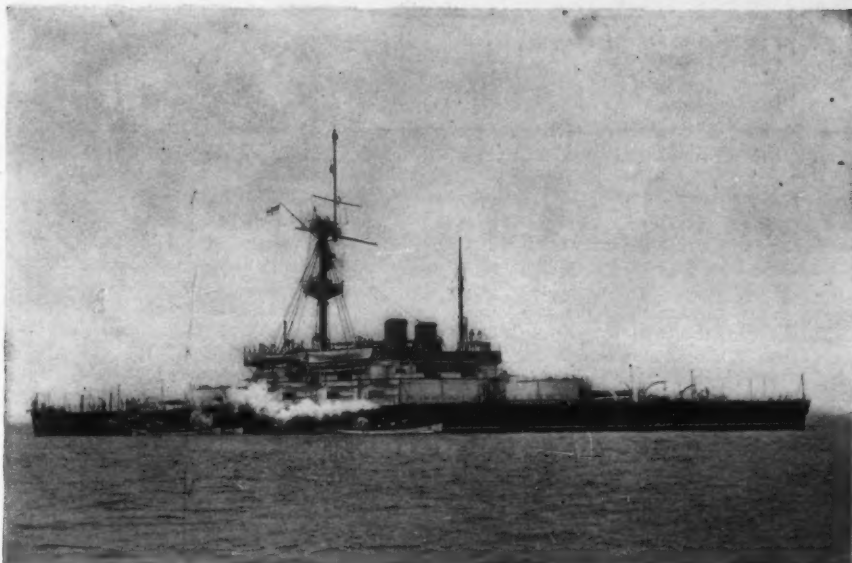
REPRESENTATIVE VESSELS OF THE BRITISH NAVY WHICH WE WOULD ENCOUNTER IN THE EVENT OF A WAR

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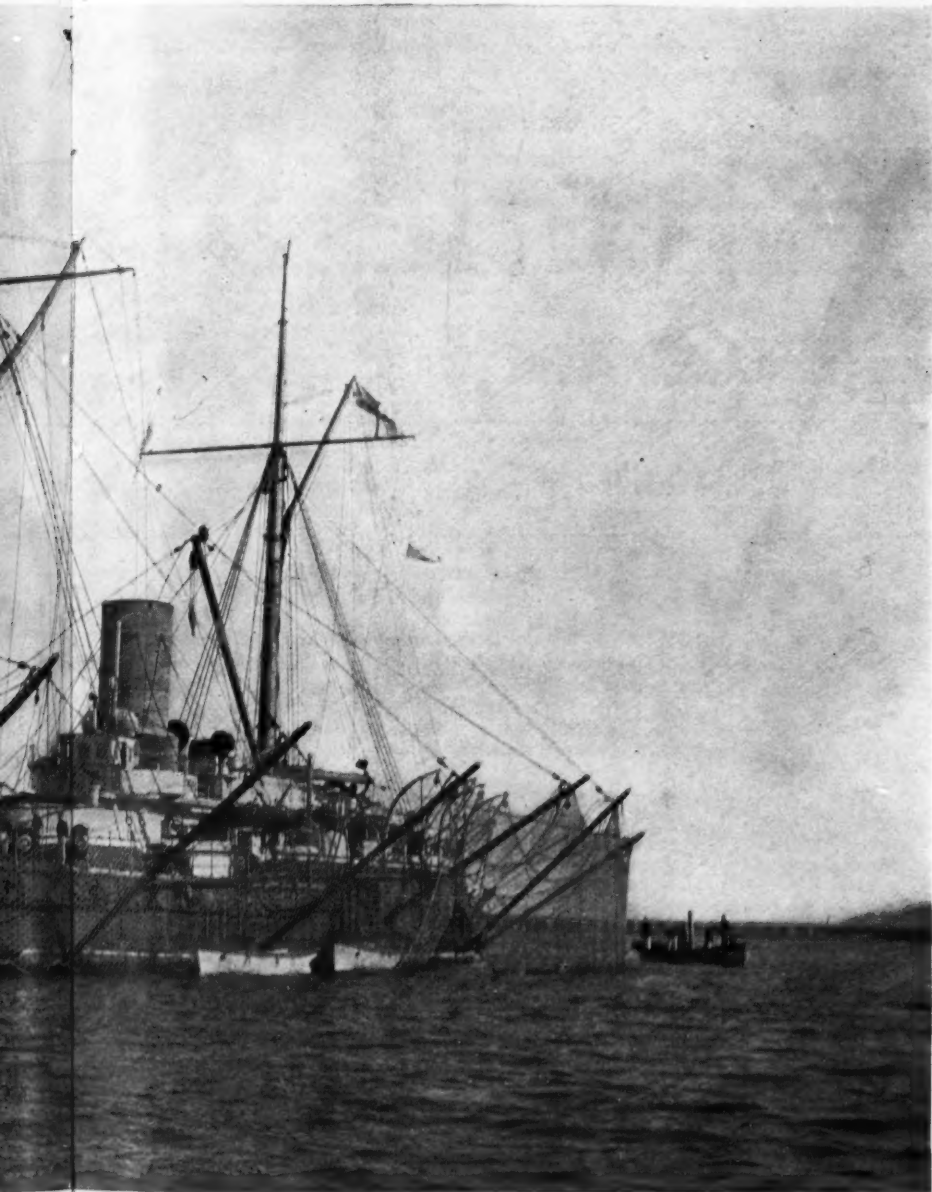




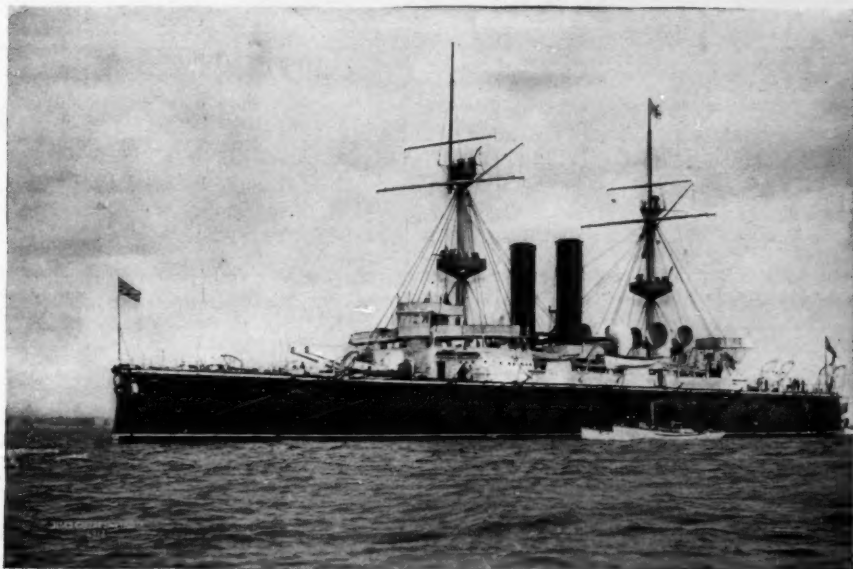
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "HOWE."



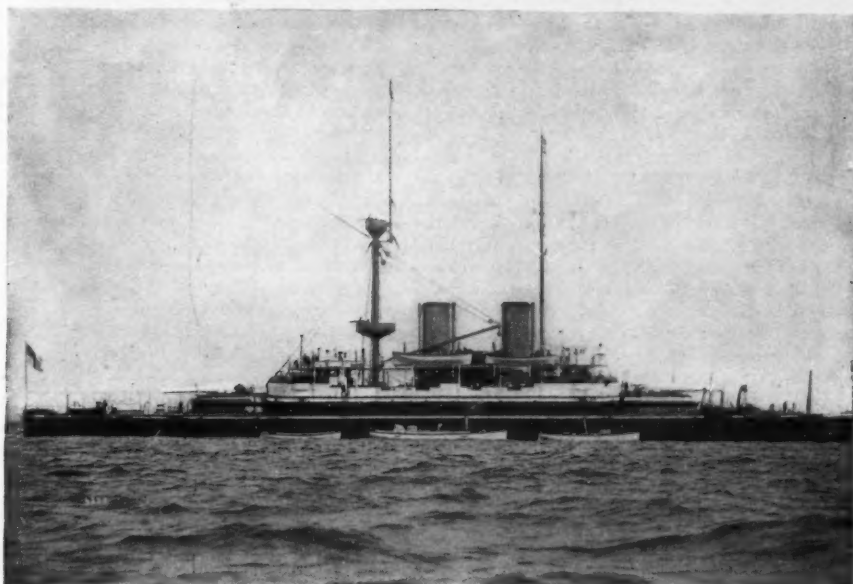
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "TRAFALGAR."



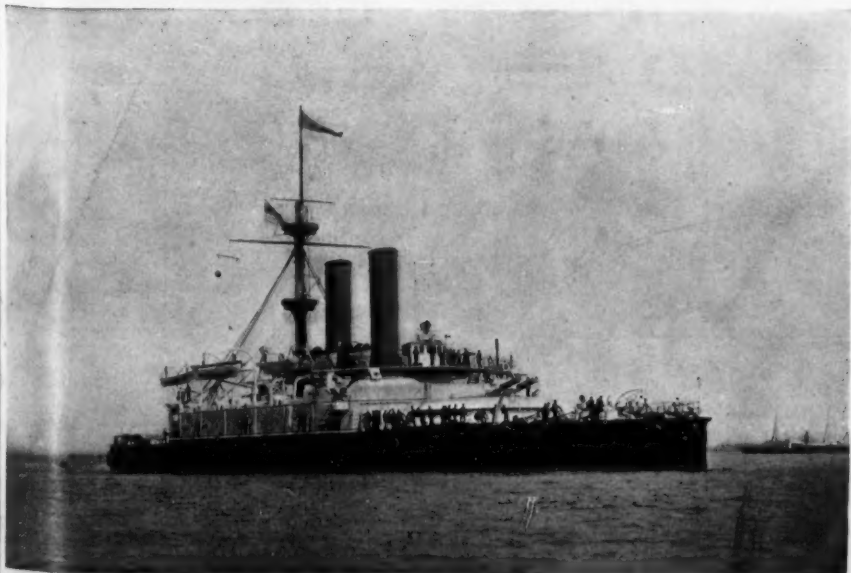
SHIP "HESPERUS," WITH TORPEDO-NETS SPREAD.



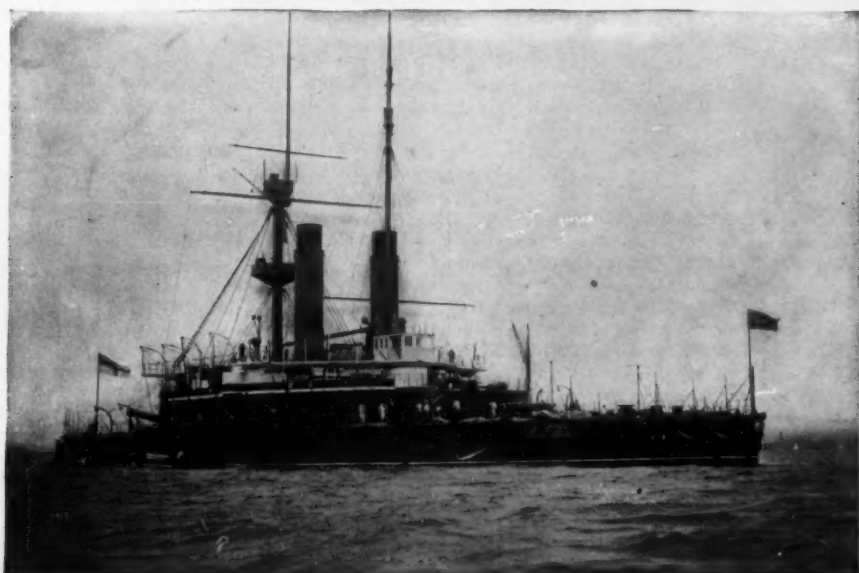
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "EMPERESS OF INDIA."



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "CAMPERDOWN."



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "COLLINGWOOD."



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "NILE"



## THE ENGLISH AND UNITED STATES NAVIES.

### THEIR EFFECTIVE FIGHTING FORCE CONTRASTED.

#### THE AMERICAN NAVY.

WHILE it is scarcely probable that war between this country and Great Britain will result from the differences over the Venezuelan boundary dispute and the relation which the British claim holds to American domination on this continent, it is well to consider what, in the event of a conflict, would be the relative equipment of the belligerents. The struggle, of course, would be largely one of battle-ships, and it must be gratifying to every American that, while this country holds fourth place in the naval strength of the nations, it in a most important respect ranks first. No battle-ships are being built that equal ours; our cruisers surpass those of every other nation in their class, and we have produced swift-going commerce-destroyers that are the wonder of the world in ship-building. We have produced other marvels in war-ships, and are in a position to accomplish speedily still greater feats. The navy consists of about sixty vessels, of which one-fourth are armored. We have built, or are building, excluding the vessels provided for at the last session of Congress, six battle-ships, six coast-defense steel-clads, two armored cruisers, one armored ram, thirteen protected cruisers, eighteen gun-boats and unprotected cruisers, and a dozen torpedo-boats. That constitutes the new navy of to-day of the United States.

There was general surprise when it was learned that our first modern battle-ships, which were one-third smaller than the battle-ships which England and France were building at the same time, were the more effective fighters. Six years ago we could scarcely build a modern armored cruiser. A battle-ship required tremendous armor plants, enormous tools, and clever designers, none of which, apparently, we had. But the resources of the American people have always been equal to their emergencies, and forthwith our battle-ships began to appear, and they not only equalled the best that other nations were building, but passed them at a bound. The *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, *Oregon* and *Iowa* are admittedly more effective than the newest of the English battle-ships, the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*. These battle-ships are nearly one-half as large again as ours, but it has been discovered that ours are the better armed, and that, notwithstanding the great effort of the English to surpass the world, they are behind us in quality.

In order to make an intelligible comparison it should be remembered that a battle-ship theoretically is simply a fort of toughened steel placed on a boat. It is a floating fortress. When the *Indiana* was laid down the English government had just decided to spend about one hundred million dollars on the upbuilding of their navy. Included in this programme were about ten first-class battle-ships. They are popularly known as the Royal Sovereign class. Upon examination it was found that only in the matter of speed could the English boats surpass our battle-ships. This was true also of the French battle-ships that were being laid down. The *Indiana* was designed to make only sixteen knots speed, but it is known that she will make nearly eighteen knots, and thus equal even the English boats in their strongest point.

Let us see now what the *Indiana* could do in a fight. That tells the story. At one discharge of her guns she can throw 6,724 pounds of metal. The English ship of her class can throw only 2,740 pounds. The *Indiana* can throw 3,299 pounds ahead, and the *Renown*, which has been taken as a similar type in the English navy, can only throw 1,219 pounds ahead. Astern, at a single discharge, the same figures hold true regarding the two vessels. Abeam, however, there is a great difference in favor of the American boat. The *Indiana* can throw 5,530 pounds of metal at a single discharge, and the *Renown* can only throw 2,571 pounds with a similar discharge. The fighting superiority is therefore plainly two to one in favor of the American boat. The *Renown* is nearly two thousand tons larger than the *Indiana*, but the steaming radius of the *Indiana* is sixteen thousand miles, while that of the *Renown* is only five thousand miles. The *Indiana* carries eighteen hundred tons of coal, and the *Renown* carries only eight hundred tons. The total muzzle energy of the guns of the *Indiana*, measured in "foot-tons"—that is, the power to lift so many tons one foot—is 370,000, against 141,000 for the *Renown*.

That states the whole case. Theoretically the English boats are a knot and a half faster, but really they have the same speed, and the American boats can whip the English vessels in a stand-up struggle two to one. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that for thirty

years the English have been building iron and steel vessels, and yet up to 1890 this country had absolutely no facilities for the building of any large sea-going craft of the battle-ship variety.

A writer recently declared that the *Iowa* would be king rather than queen of the seas. She is a vast improvement on the *Indiana* class. When the English heard of this they at once decided that they must try to get at the head again. So they ordered two tremendous battle-ships, the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*, of 15,000 tonnage each, and larger than any that ever had been built, with the exception of the well-known unwieldy Italian iron-clads. But again the English are behind us. Even the *Indiana* class are better fighters than these two will be. These figures tell that story, too. The *Indiana* throws 5,000 pounds of metal where the *Majestic* throws 3,000. She draws four feet of water less, and of course that is an immense advantage in navigation. Her coal capacity is the same as the English giant's. Her armor is twice as thick as the *Majestic's*. It is difficult to see where the superiority of the English vessel lies in any respect. She is simply bigger, and that is a disadvantage. The English must try again.

Come now to armored cruisers. It has been universally acknowledged that our cruiser *New York* is immensely superior to anything afloat as an aggressive war-ship. The only vessel comparable to her is the *Blake* and *Blenheim* type of the English navy. The *New York* is faster than either. She has been run to her full capacity under an enormous strain in a thrilling trial trip and came out uninjured in any particular. The *Blenheim* ran for just one hour and four minutes, when her boilers began to leak and the test of her full powers had to be abandoned. The *Blake* was never tried under her full power of steam. As a commerce-destroyer, therefore, the *New York* is superior in the chief requisite, that of speed. When it comes to fighting, the *New York* has a capacity of 60,000 foot-tons muzzle energy, to 48,000 of the *Blenheim*—the same old story. The *Brooklyn*, an armored cruiser of the *New York* type, has even greater fighting capacity. A great English expert, in summing up this matter of superiority, declared that in armored cruisers the American boats were better all-round scouting and fighting machines by from fifteen to forty per cent.

This brings us to another remarkable aspect of our subject. We have two vessels, the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, the like of which the world never saw. Secretary Tracy said that half a dozen such ships could drive the commerce of any nation off the high seas in a few months. They are the fastest vessels, war-ship or merchantman, that have ever been built for sea-going traffic. They have been called "pirates." That describes their mission in warfare. They are meant to run away from any war-ship of greater fighting capacity and to capture anything that is not equal to them in ability to fight. The English are trying to match these two ships, in the *Powerful* and the *Terrible*, which are now building.

Another feature in our navy is the so-called dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*. We have also another craft that is unique, concerning whose capabilities there can be no doubt. She is the so-called Ammen ram. Admiral Ammen planned her in the rough, and for many years urged the government to build her. The use of the ram was doubted in warfare, but one day, long after the *Katahdin* had been laid down, there came the news that in a collision at slow speed the *Camperdown* of the English navy had sunk the *Victoria* of the same navy, in some peaceful evolutions in the Mediterranean. The ram on the bow of the *Camperdown* struck a trifling blow compared to that which the *Katahdin* could give, and the good sense and enterprise of the American navy were once more vindicated.

Among our older vessels are the *Newark*, the *San Francisco*, and the *Baltimore*. These ships are better, ship for ship, than those that have been constructed elsewhere. But they are not of the most effective type. The *Cincinnati*, at least one-third smaller than the *San Francisco* class, is equal to that class in speed qualities, and almost equal to it in fighting abilities. Then, too, we have some mighty smart gun-boats. Our *Machias* and *Castine* are from ten to twenty per cent. more effective than the little craft of a similar size in other navies, and our *Montgomery* and *Detroit* are marvels in speed and cruising abilities. The *Yorktown* class has excited the admiration of the world in steaming qualities, the *Bennington* having beaten the record in long steaming under disadvantages. Then, too, we are about

to build some gun-boats with sheathed bottoms that are expected to surpass those that any other nation is building.

As to the men who compose our navy, they are confessedly among the best fighters in the world.

#### THE BRITISH NAVY.

In the year 1889 England found that if Britannia would continue to rule the waves she must wake up. The Naval Defense act of that year provided for the expenditure of more than one hundred million dollars for new ships, and most of these vessels are in commission to-day. This expenditure has given England fifteen new battle-ships, fifty-eight cruisers, and twenty-seven torpedo-catchers, besides numerous torpedo-boats. That was a tremendous addition to any navy, and, with the changes and repairs that were made in other vessels, was enough to astonish the world. But that was not enough. In the year 1893 another agitation arose for an increase in that country's naval strength, and in that year and the following, provision was made for another tremendous addition to the navy, amounting to no less than one hundred and ten vessels, eight of which should be battle-ships of fifteen thousand tons capacity, the first two of which have recently appeared in the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*. This plan included the two great protected cruisers which are also underway, the *Powerful* and *Terrible*.

The total strength of the British navy is now between four hundred and five hundred vessels, of which one hundred and twenty are armored cruisers, and it employs eighty thousand men. The *Majestic* and the *Magnificent* are the most conspicuous of all the vessels of the new navy. While they are not equal as fighting-machines to our battle-ships, they are magnificent creations. The *Powerful* and the *Terrible* will be the longest war-ships in existence, having the unusual length of five hundred feet. Their estimated speed is twenty-two knots, close on the record of our *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*. They will be armed with two 9.2-inch guns, and these and all their smaller guns will be mounted in armored turrets and casemates. This is an advance in naval construction that England alone seems to be employing on a large scale. Six of her new battle-ships are to be completely armored on the broadside, and carry their guns in casemates.

The Royal Sovereign class of English vessels includes the *Empress of India*, *Resolution*, *Revenge*, *Royal Oak*, *Ramilles*, *Repulse*, and, to a certain extent, the *Renown*, although that vessel is supposed to be somewhat of an improvement on the Royal Sovereign class, being nearly two thousand tons larger.

### The Tramp Problem in California.

As the winter season advances in California, attention is being again directed to the tramp problem. This class of vagrants is abnormally large in the Golden State. They come singly, in pairs, and in dozens. They do not ride in parlor-cars, as the pleasure-seeking tourists do, they ride under them. Trucks and brake beams support their clinging forms as

longer experienced shock at the threat that "if found within the limits of the city after a lapse of twenty-four hours from this time, the sentenced hereby pronounced will be enforced." He purposely allowed the twenty-four hours to roll around and find his unbeautiful figure in the foreground of a sand-lot landscape, where, with his companions, he feasted upon soup made of meat stolen from the stall of a butcher and boiled in tin cans garnered from the surrounding premises.

What to do with this offal of humanity is a problem of increasing seriousness to the people of California. Some idea may be gotten of the aggregate numbers of these homeless nomads who infest this State every winter from the fact that the armies of Generals Kelley and Vinette, which massed the tramps and carried them East in the days of the Coxey excitement, comprised over three thousand men. All of them did not depart with Kelley of Sacramento and Vinette of Los Angeles. One hundred and seventy of them were sent by Judge Ross of the United States District Court at Los Angeles, to the jails of the numerous counties of southern California, where they went to purge themselves of the contempt they had shown for the honorable court when they stole a train on the Santa Fé Railroad, which happened at that moment to be in the hands of a receiver.

It is safe to estimate that in addition to these there were at the time the Vinette and Kelley armies left, a thousand tramps in the various jails throughout the State, serving sentences for various offenses from vagrancy to petty larceny and burglary. Besides these there were a number who did not take kindly to the idea of presenting to Congress what Carlyle once called "a petition in hieroglyphs," when the presentation involved any such labor as an expedition of three thousand miles across the country.

There is a certain body of tramps who are always in the State, who migrate from one town to another; but this number is augmented to an alarming extent by the winter visitants. At one time in the early months of this year every city and town in the State was in a condition of terror. Midnight burglaries, highway robberies, footpadism, the whole gamut of daring property crimes which strangers to the property may commit, was run by the invading tramps. In Sacramento a fund was raised by private subscription to meet the evil; the police force was temporarily enlarged by the addition of fifty mounted men, and every stranger within the city limits whose appearance suggested him to be of the questionable sort, and who could not give an account of himself, was furnished with notice to leave. At Los Angeles the condition of affairs was almost equally bad.

In the rural districts the farms and cross-roads stores were preyed upon with all the ruthlessness and none of the gallantry of freebooters. Some small towns were quite overrun.

What shall be done if the present winter exposes us to a renewal of these dangers? All these idle men in California, the land of "inexhaustible fertility and resources," the development of whose vast possibilities is yet scarcely begun!

JOHN E. BENNETT.



THE CHI PSI CHAPTER HOUSE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

they are whirled through dust and cold over the frozen plains to the verdure-decked valleys of the land of perpetual summer. They infest box-cars where sympathetic brakemen are unconscious of their presence for a little tobacco, and raise no question as to whether the title thereof is fully vested in the giver. The announcement of their presence is found in the narratives of the police courts, by whom they are given a sentence of ten days and a "floater."

During the past two seasons, however, the "floater" failed to float. Weary Walker no

### A Fine Chapter House.

THE recent purchase by a college fraternity of the McGraw-Fisk mansion calls attention to the famous Fisk-will suit and Cornell University. The building cost over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and the grounds, comprising five acres adjoining the Cornell campus, cost twenty thousand dollars. Besides this sum forty thousand dollars was expended on the grounds in one year alone. It is said to be the finest college fraternity house in the world.



## The Defense of the Lakes.

Is the lake frontier in peril? General Miles says it is; the Secretary of the Navy says not. Considered solely with relation to the naval power of the United States and Great Britain (Canada) upon the lakes, in the event of a sudden rupture with England, the situation is somewhat alarming. The commercial interests alone of the United States upon the great lakes are immeasurably greater than those of Canada, all of whose lake ports put together can scarcely muster a population as large as that of Cleveland, and not a tithe of the property and commercial interests of that city alone. The naval force, under the arrangement of 1817, is supposed to be limited on each side to "one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon," for Lake Champlain, Lake Ontario, and the upper lakes respectively. The idea of a British naval vessel upon Lake Champlain is so absurd that none was ever maintained there, nor, for that matter, an American naval vessel either, since the treaty of Ghent. For the great lakes the United States maintains but one vessel, the antiquated fourth-rate cruiser *Michigan*, which is the oldest vessel in commission in the American navy. The *Michigan* is an iron paddle-wheel steamer, built at Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1844. She is one hundred and sixty-three feet long and twenty-seven feet beam, with a draught of nine feet. Her displacement is six hundred and eighty-five tons, horse-power three hundred and five, and speed ten and one-half knots. She carries a main battery of four thirty-pounder Parrott guns, breech-loading rifles, and a secondary battery of three three-inch breech-loading howitzers, and two Gatlings. She has a crew of about one hundred men. In addition to the *Michigan* there are three revenue-cutters, the side-wheelers *William P. Fessenden*, three hundred and thirty tons, and *Andy Johnson*, four hundred and ninety-four tons, and the propeller *Calumet*; the two latter being stationed on Lake Michigan, and the former on Lake Erie. The *Johnson* carries one thirty-pounder Parrott and two twenty-four pound smooth-bore howitzers; the *Fessenden* two twenty-four pound howitzers and two three-inch breech-loading rifles. The *Calumet* has one small gun to make a noise with. These vessels are designed "for revenue only."

The British are said to have one naval vessel corresponding to the *Michigan*, but of a later type, the armament of which is not made public. The revenue and fisheries service have three light vessels, of which the Dominion steamship *Constance* is the chief. This is a steel propeller, one hundred and twenty-five feet long, nineteen feet, six inches beam, and nine feet draught. Her "official" speed is 11.6 knots an hour, but her engines are capable, it is claimed, of better work. She is armed with three quick-firing guns of about four inches calibre, one mounted on a turtle-deck, forward, and one on each side of the quarter-deck, aft. A ram bow gives her an additional weapon of great power. In a recent report on the subject of the lake navy, Commander Wakeham, of the Dominion fisheries service, said that the *Constance* and her sister-ships "are far superior to the boats maintained on the lakes by the United States revenue department." It should be considered, however, that plans for a new revenue-cutter for the lakes of nine hundred tons burthen have been drawn, the vessel to have not only a battery of rapid-fire guns, but a torpedo outfit as well. She will be built of steel, and capable of making sixteen knots an hour. As by the act of March 2d, 1799—"revenue-cutters shall, whenever the President so directs, co-operate with the navy"—the revenue-cutters may properly be classed as armed vessels within the meaning of the arrangement of 1817, it will be seen that both parties have already violated the compact, both in number of vessels and in weight of armament, and while at present Britain appears to hold the superior power, the Yankees will soon again be in the ascendancy.

With the naval power it is important to consider the military defenses of the lakes, and upon this subject it may be said, in terms similar to the famous chapter upon the snakes of Iceland, there are no military defenses on the lakes.

The ancient fortifications which formerly stood guard over the straits at the Soo, Mackinaw, the Detroit, Niagara, and St. Lawrence rivers, have one by one fallen into disuse and decay. Fort Drummond, Fort Mackinac, and other reminders of colonial warfare, exist only as picturesque ruins. Yet, supposing that there is a real danger to be guarded against; that Britain maintains at Halifax, as has been stated by alarmists, a small fleet of gun-boats ready at any moment to enter the great lakes by the St. Lawrence and maintain a war of destruction against American cities; no better protection could be devised than a pair of rifled guns mounted upon the New York frontier on the St. Lawrence, and others on the Detroit River at Mackinaw, and on the St. Mary's River. The

Canadian canals on the St. Lawrence would be unavailable if the United States should choose to dispute their passage, and no vessels of any character that England could place upon Lake Erie could pass guns mounted at the mouth of the Detroit River.

There is one more thing to be considered in the way of the defenses of the lakes. In the lake marine there are upward of two thousand vessels of over one hundred tons, which could be armed as rapidly as guns could be provided from Watervliet arsenal and elsewhere, and which would not only make an impregnable defense against any power which Britain could send against them, but would bring the whole Canadian frontier under immediate subjection, the gallant lake sailors adding new laurels to those won by Commodore Perry and his greenwood fleet.

But why talk of war? Has Great Britain really made any menace that our own overzealous jingoes have not themselves exceeded? Why do we equip our own vessels with breech-loading rifles, Hotchkiss guns, and torpedo-tubes, when we are on terms of profound peace with our neighboring nation? We have let our forts decay, and wisely so, and have built great commercial cities instead. General Miles says that "in a few days the English could place upon the lakes a force of ships-of-war that might burn all the cities from Milwaukee to Buffalo." Why he leaves Chicago out of the zone of danger it is hard to say, but in reality nations no longer make war by burning peaceful cities. General Miles's experience as an Indian fighter has led him to fear the worst of civilized nations, and it is gratifying to know that the Secretary of the Navy does not share his alarm. For nearly a century the great lakes have been practically a neutral water-way, the grandest chain of peaceful inland ocean in the world, bearing a commerce as heavy as that of the Mediterranean, and menaced by not a single war-ship worthy of the name. Why is it not far better to seek some method by which a solemn compact could be made to preserve that water-way to peaceful commerce for all time to come? It will not be England's fault if such a compact is not made and kept, for though she may be stronger on the high seas, she can never be else than strategically weak on the lakes; unless, indeed, the United States compel her in her own defense to maintain a navy there, in which event, true to her ancient policy, she will see to it that it is even stronger than that of any possible enemy.

The true protection of the great lakes is not in armaments, but in disarmament. By adopting the latter policy we will set a magnificent example to the civilized world.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

## The Federation of Labor.

It is a significant and gratifying fact that, while the organization known as the Knights of Labor is gradually losing its hold upon our industrial population, the rival organization known as the American Federation of Labor is steadily gaining ground, having now a membership of seven hundred and fifty thousand, organized on the trades-union basis.

The plan of the trades-unionists is of an evolutionary and not of a revolutionary nature. In this it differs greatly from the plan of the Knights of Labor, and from those of the anarchists or the socialists. It is the chief object of the trades-union, by means of such methods as are available, to better the present condition of its members—in brief, to raise wages and shorten hours, and not to bring about a revolution or suddenly to change the present order of things. It is true that there are many trades-unionists who hold beliefs more or less socialistic in their tendency, and also that there is a faction in the American Federation that would be in favor of pretty strong measures for the changing of the present order. If enough of a following could be secured. But this faction is comparatively unimportant and practically powerless, so far as the policy of the Federation goes.

The general attitude of the trades-unions may be briefly summed up as follows: While there is no doubt room for much improvement in the present form of government in this country, yet the American system, if properly administered, is the best in the world, and the Constitution of the United States is the best documentary foundation of government extant. Workingmen can therefore produce better results working in harmony with, than in opposition to, the institutions of this country. For this reason the American Federation of Labor does not seek in any way to control the political action of the members of its affiliated unions, and Federationists are to be found in every political party.

These facts are all against the notion, current in some quarters, that the trades-unions make for disintegration and overturning. As a matter of fact, their leaders hold the reverse to be true. Trades-unionists often strike, to be sure,

but they hold to the right to fight for better wages and conditions. The "sympathetic strike" so-called is not in favor with them, and it will be remembered that the spread of the sympathetic Pullman strikes of last year was stopped by the Federation of Labor.

There are other features of trades-unionism with which the public is almost entirely unfamiliar, and these are educational. In this city and Brooklyn there are, every winter, many night and Sunday schools maintained by the unions for the teaching of the English language to members of foreign birth. In many unions the study of the Constitution of the United States is urged, in order that the members may understand the fundamental law of the land, and there are several unions that make it a rule not to admit candidates for membership unless they promise to become citizens. The movement of the trades-unionists in these directions was never stronger than at present. It is increasing yearly, and is now supported by many labor leaders that might be named, who were ardent socialists, and some even who were insistent individualists a half-dozen years ago.

The election of Mr. Samuel Gompers as President of the Federation, at its recent convention in this city, affords a guarantee that it will not be deflected from the policy it has hitherto pursued. Mr. Gompers has never swerved from his fidelity to the real interests of labor. He declined a position on the State Board of Arbitration which was offered him, and when tendered the nomination for Senator, by both the Republican and Democratic parties, four years ago, also declined the flattering tribute to his popularity. Among the legislative reforms that have benefited labor, which Mr. Gompers has been mainly responsible for during his presidency of the American Federation of Labor, are the passage of the tenement-house cigar act, the establishment of a national bureau of labor statistics, factory-inspection laws, limiting of the hours of labor for women and children, the lien law for securing wages, and many other important measures. During the past year Mr. Gompers was a delegate from the American Federation of Labor to the British Trades-Union Congress at Cardiff, Wales.

## A Christmas Letter.

From steeple to steeple far over the hills  
The silvery bells are beginning to chime;  
They are twining the red-berried holly below  
To hang in the hall for the glad Christmas time.  
You are gay with your gifts; there are jewels and sweets,  
And silks with the hues of the dawn in each fold,  
And laces as fine as the frost on the pane,  
But my purse—it is empty of silver and gold.  
Christmas snows are deep and white,  
Christmas stars above you,  
Not a gift have I to send,  
Yet, my dear, I love you!

I would give you the wealth of the world if I could,  
And I long for a kingdom to lay at your feet,  
But here is a spray from a mistletoe-bough,  
And a heart that is yours till it ceases to beat.  
So spare me a thought when the carols are sung,  
For I sit in my dear little attic to-night  
With your picture before me, and pour like a wine  
The strength of my soul in the letter I write.  
Christmas bells are ringing clear,  
Christmas stars above you;  
Let the spray of mistletoe  
Tell you that I love you!

MINNA IRVING.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Evil Effect of Immoderate Rowing.

CANDIDATES for rowing honors at Yale, at Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Columbia will be settling down shortly to the serious, tedious, and for the most part laborious work of training for the several intercollegiate races scheduled to be decided in the early summer of 1896.

It is a question with many who follow this particular college sport, whether proper care is observed by the coaches in the selection of men from a standpoint of ability to undergo the strain without danger to their physical being, and in the end show only good results from such an exercise. As the training is more apt to be overdone than underdone, so is a candidate who is constitutionally unequal to university crew rowing likely to escape an examina-

tion which should instantly debar him from further work.

"If I were to select," says Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, "from a body of young men promiscuously brought together those who were best for a rowing match, I could, by proper measurement of the breathing power, of the height of the body, of the size of the chest, pick out almost without question those men who would make in the end the best crews, although at the time not one of them had become trained to rowing practice; and this is, I think, what ought to be done in the selection of crews for great competitions, since it is very bad for a young man even to train into a practice which by excessive exercise shall impair the function of the lungs."

Now, rowing is an exercise which affects greatly the respiration. Observe a crew not in training go out and pull a hard half-mile. At the end of the first eighth of the distance, as the men get into the full swing of the stroke, you will begin to notice how powerfully the breathing is affected. At the quarter it becomes rapid, and a sort of bluish pallor in the lips and face shows itself.

To be sure, there will be different degrees of breathlessness in the eight men. The man with the good large chest; the tall man, mayhap, and the man who by a spirometer can show from two hundred and fifty to three hundred cubic inches without fatigue, may, in all probability will, show no great amount of breathlessness. On the other hand, the short man with small chest and short body, and who can blow only two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five cubic inches, will be much oppressed and gasping for air.

In the one instance rowing may be continued and the work increased without material injury. In the latter case, where the effect of rowing shows itself in a persistent difficulty of breathing, the function of the lungs will surely be impaired and serious results follow. The disease, emphysema—that is, rupture of the air vesicles of the lungs—is thought by some to be the result of immoderate rowing, even in the crew man not particularly afflicted with breathlessness.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, however, is frank enough to admit that he has never seen such a case, and honestly adds that a number of cases have come to his notice of an improved development of the breathing organs and of the capacity of the lungs induced by the exercise.

Rowing, when it affects the breathing, is liable, secondarily, to cause disturbance of the circulation. On account of the position of the rower in the boat (the lower limbs to a certain extent being fixed, the body bent forward, then suddenly and strongly backward, while the chest is kept in full tension) and by virtue of the performance of the different acts going to make up the stroke, a considerable strain is thrown upon the valves of the heart.

The blood which has to course over the arteries from the heart must ascend before it makes its way anywhere over the body; ascend over the aortic arch and be prevented from going back into the heart on the left side by three valves, which allow the blood to come forth from the centre, but which, falling down, check it from being returned. In the act of rowing with the lungs charged with air, the blood rising through the arch is in a sharp degree thrown back upon the valves. The like occurs in water falling back on a trap, to which is given the name "water hammer."

Now, it is a matter of record that in a man who has been rowing briskly, the second sound of his heart which is produced by closure of the three valves is often accentuated, owing to the sudden pressure exerted by the column of blood. This is a severe strain. The influx of blood causes the heart to work laboriously, and the great elastic blood-vessel, or aorta, itself is unduly distended.

This being so, we are confronted with the condition of a heart unduly large and over active, which may become a serious menace to health. It follows that rowing should be carried on with prudence, and should be discontinued by those who suffer embarrassment of the respiration and the circulation.

### YALE'S SECRET NEGOTIATIONS.

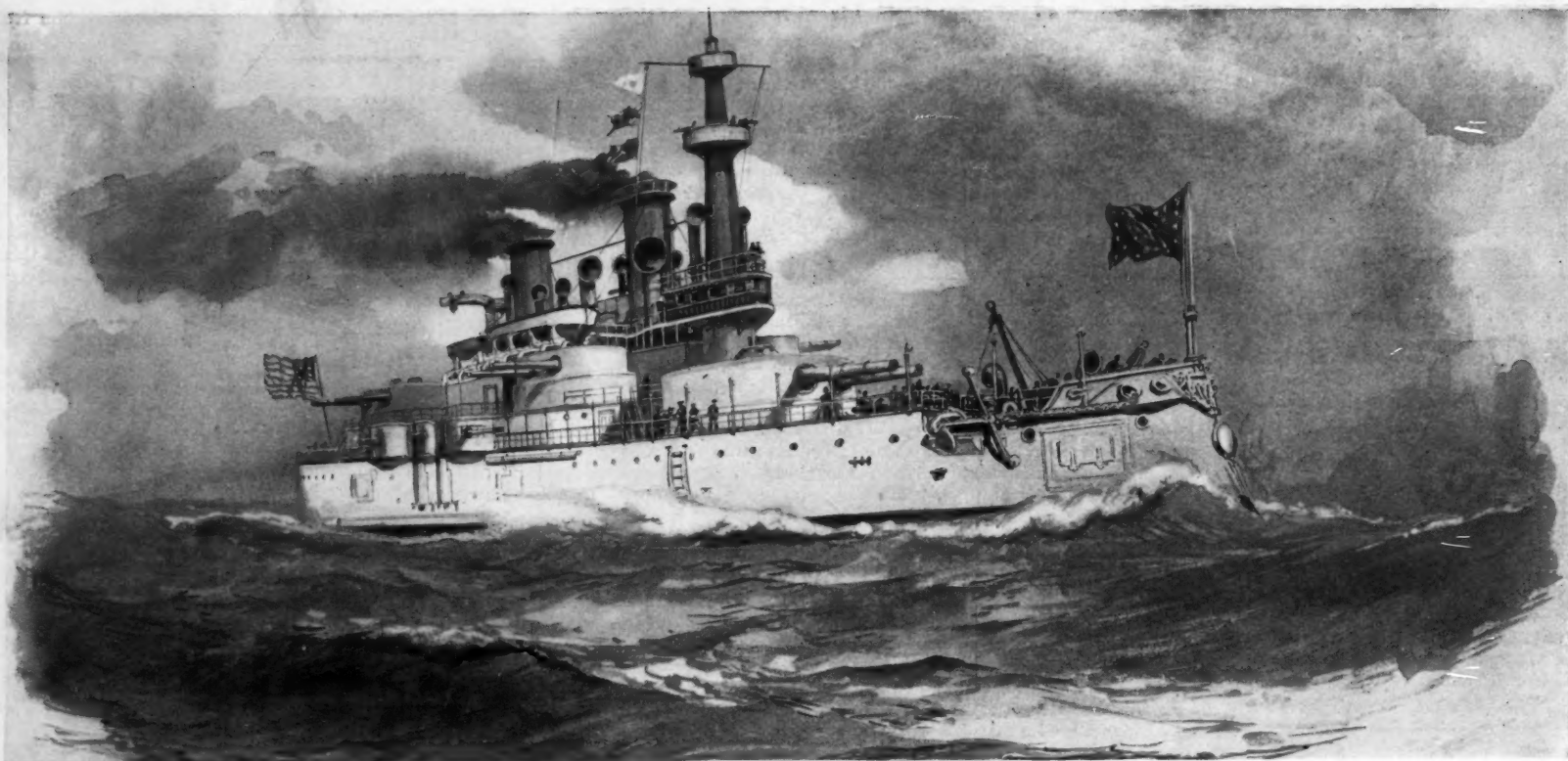
It is understood that Yale boating men in authority have been working secretly, ever since it became certain that there could be no race next year with Harvard, to bring about a race in England with the winner of the Oxford-

(Continued on page 443.)

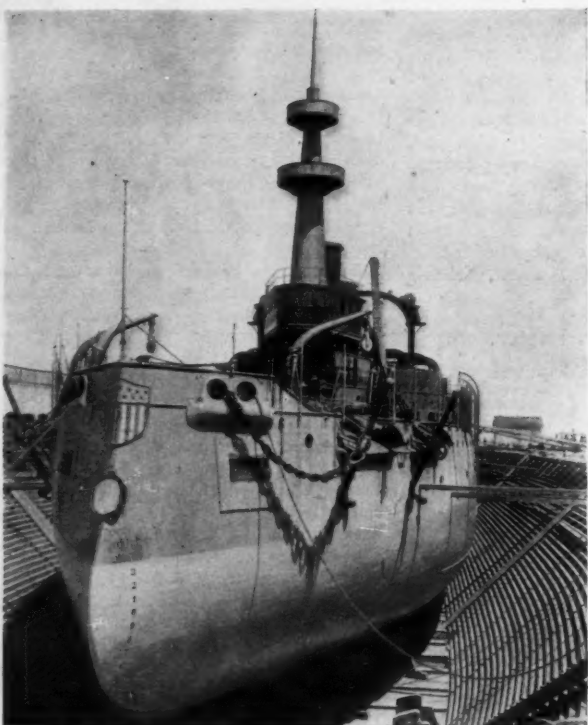
Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

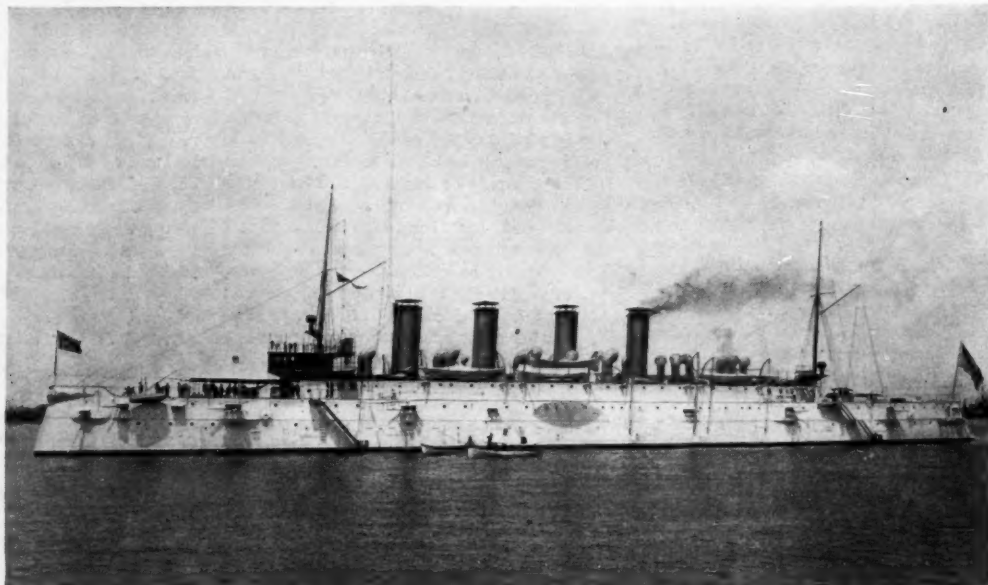




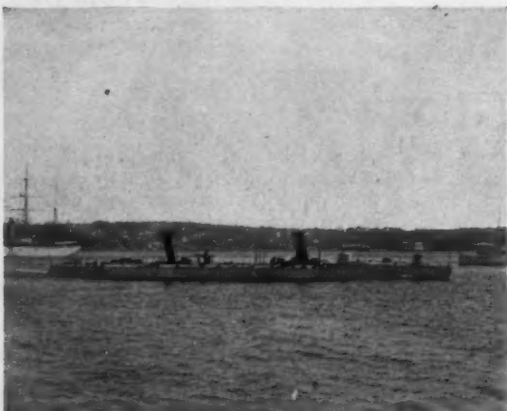
THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."—Drawn by F. H. Schell.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON," SISTER TO THE "INDIANA."



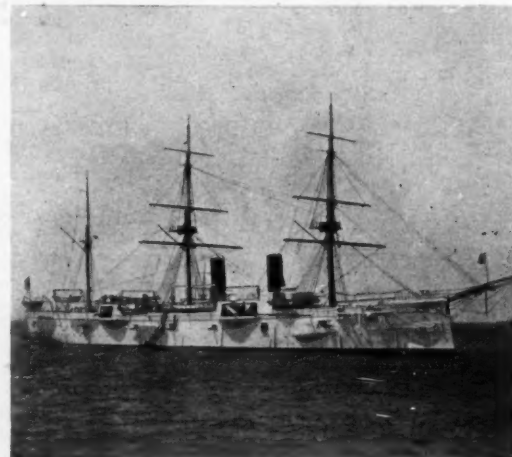
TRIPLE-SCREW CRUISER "COLUMBIA."



THE TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON."—Photograph by C. E. Bolles.



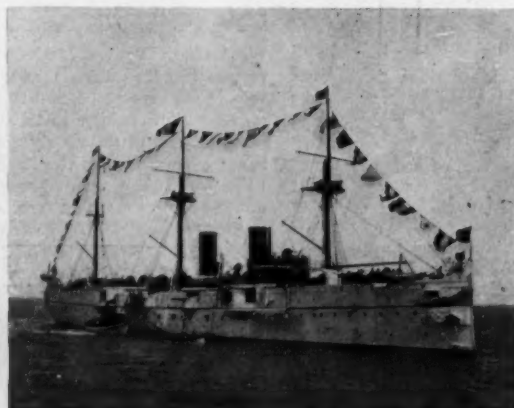
THE COAST-DEFENSE VESSEL "MONTEREY."



THE CRUISER "CHICAGO."



THE ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."



THE CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."



THE CRUISER "ATLANTA."

SHIPS OF THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY WHICH WOULD MAINTAIN THE NATIONAL HONOR IN CASE OF A WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.  
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. RAD AND OTHERS.—(SEE PAGE 498.)  
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THE MASSACRE OF ARMENIANS AT ERZEROUH—TRENCH IN THE ARMENIAN CEMETERY IN WHICH THE VICTIMS WERE BURIED.—*London Graphic*.



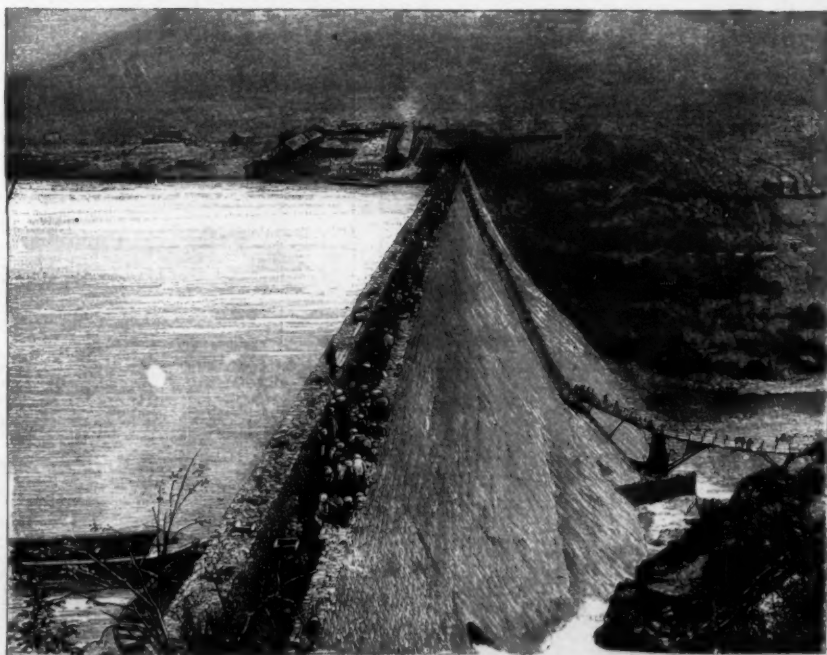
THE STATUE OF LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON, BY BARTHOLDI, ERECTED IN PARIS BY MR. JOSEPH PULITZER.—*Le Monde Illustré*.



THE LATE ALEXANDER DUMAS.—*Le Monde Illustré*.



THE BAPTISM OF THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE RUSSIAN Czar—ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENT.—*London Graphic*.



DAM ACROSS THE PERIAR RIVER VALLEY, INDIA, BY MEANS OF WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO IRRIGATE AN AREA OF 1289 MILES.—*London Graphic*.



QUEEN VICTORIA BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE SCOTS GUARDS, PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE ON THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.—*Illustrated London News*.



## A MODEL TRAIN.

NEW YORK AND FLORIDA SHORT LINE LIMITED.

COMMENCING Sunday, January 5th, and daily thereafter, the popular New York and Florida Short Line Limited will be resumed between New York and St. Augustine, via Pennsylvania, Southern, and Florida Central and Peninsular, leaving New York at 3.30 P.M. The train will be composed of Pullman's latest compartment cars, sleeping, dining, first-class coach and smoking cars, from New York to St. Augustine. For grandeur and solid comfort there is nothing in the world that surpasses this train. The compartment car is a model of perfection. The entire train is most elaborately furnished, and the country through which the train travels is rich in magnificent scenery, and the one day which is consumed in the trip can be spent most advantageously in taking in the beauties of nature. The announcement of the new train several years ago was one of the great achievements of the Southern Railway "Piedmont Air Line," and the public are highly grateful, and have and will continue to show their appreciation to the evident satisfaction of those instrumental in reducing the time between New York and Florida to a minimum. Excursion tickets with have been placed on sale at very low rates, and those contemplating taking a trip to the Sunny Lands should call on or address R. D. Carpenter, General Agent, Alexander S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

\$8.75 TO ATLANTA, GEORGIA, AND RETURN.

The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, Eastern office, 271 Broadway, announces a rate of \$8.75, Washington to Atlanta and return. Tickets on sale December 19th to 25th inclusive, good to return within five days. In addition to this low rate another rate of \$14 is named. Tickets on sale Tuesday, December 17th, and daily from December 19th to 25th inclusive, good to return ten days. This low rate is given so that the rate is in reach of everyone to attend the Cotton States and International Exposition.

## NEW STYLES IN COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Men's apparel has not been so graceful in many years as it is at present. There is just enough of the picturesque and novel to make the present fashions for young gentlemen decidedly refreshing. Especially striking in their unconventionality are the new high-band collars, which are now all the rage. The "Kelesta," for that is the name of the fashionable high-band collar, is from Earl & Wilson.

The cuff to correspond with the "Kelesta" is called the "Chenango," and is also an Earl & Wilson style. The harmony with the high-band effect is in the long, deep, graceful flap with its slanting edge. There is only one correct way to launder them, and that is with the domestic finish—a dead white. It is noteworthy that the stylish collars and cuffs alluded to, as well as all the other Earl & Wilson goods, are sent out with the domestic finish.

The high-band collar is not yet worn with conventional evening dress. For that purpose this well-known firm makes a close-front collar about two inches high, known as the "Swatara." For evening wear the proper cuff is the Earl & Wilson patented style "Odessa."

No Christmas table should be without a bottle of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

The universal favor with which the Sohmer Piano is meeting is the result of its tone and structure, which are not excelled by any in the world.

## Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 626, Marshall, Michigan.

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FAST FLYING VIRGINIAN

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LIGHTED, WITH  
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A CONCENTRATED  
LIQUID  
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**MALT HOPS**  
FOR  
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MOTHERS  
AND THOSE  
SUFFERING  
FROM INSOMNIA  
DYSPEPSIA etc.  
RECOMMENDED AND  
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AT ALL DRUGGISTS  
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A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE  
FOR SOLID FOOD.

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## SKIN TORTURES

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, a single application of Cuticura (ointment), the great skin cure, followed by mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (the new blood purifier), will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure in every form of torturing and disfiguring skin humours.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

It's so easy to get a cake and try it. If you try it you'll use it, that is, if you care anything for clear, white, sweet skin, and a complexion of health.

**CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP**  
(Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.

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Call and inspect the newly invented patent Grand Pianos in Upright Form. Also for sale for cash or on installments a large assortment of nearly new STEINWAY Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, all warranted like their new Pianos. Also, second-hand Pianos of other make, in perfect order, at low figures.

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American Fibre Chamoi Co.  
Times Building, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—We enclose a letter received a few days ago, from Miss Lillian Russell, which we think, may be of service to you.  
Yours truly,  
(SIGNED) REDFERN.

**What LILLIAN RUSSELL Thinks of Fibre Chamoi.**  
318 WEST 77th ST.,  
NEW YORK, August 14, 1895.

Messrs. Redfern,  
210 Fifth Avenue.

GENTLEMEN:—Kindly make up for me the gown I selected yesterday, using as you suggested the Fibre Chamoi in the waist for warmth, and in the skirt and sleeves to give them that very stylish and bouffant effect. I find that the moreen petticoat does not give half the style that the genuine Fibre Chamoi does. So naturally use nothing but the genuine goods. The imitation of this particular article I have found to be worse than useless.  
Truly yours,  
(SIGNED) LILLIAN RUSSELL.

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Specially prepared for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and H. R. H. the Princess Louise for use in keeping their diaries. Taught personally or by mail in from 10 to 30 days by the author.  
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## The . . . Snowy Landscape

of winter with its leafless trees and ice-bound streams offers the amateur photographer as many opportunities for artistic work as do the most pleasant days of summer, and one need not think that a Pocket Kodak purchased now need be laid away until summer before using.

The little instrument is hardly larger than a well filled purse, yet it takes beautiful "snowscapes" and is always ready for making a flash-light picture when congenial companions are gathered about the fireside in the long winter evenings.

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Take Pabst Malt Extract  
Warming  
Healthful  
Cheerful  
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A remedy that has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Liver? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? No matter what the cause, we know Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you; impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the whole system, and make a new man of you. Mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box.  
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The C. N. Crittenton Co., Agents.

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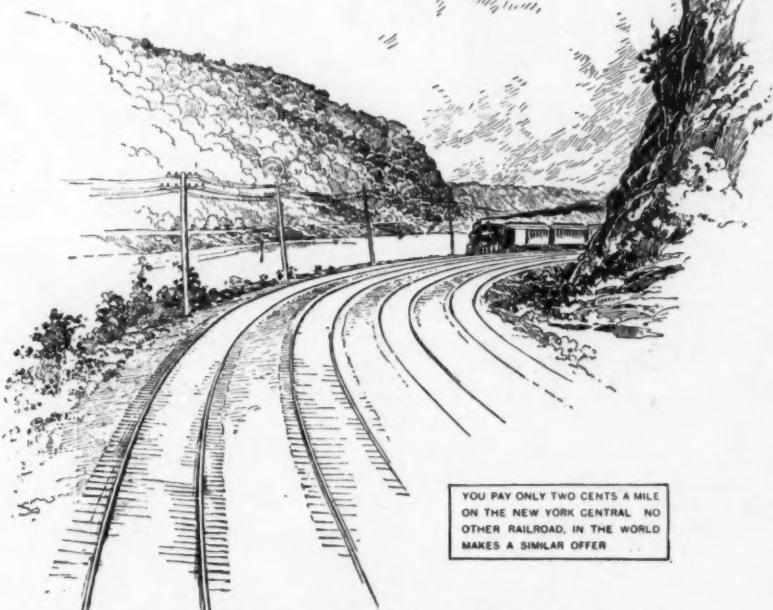
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"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT  
I EVER WITNESSED WAS IN THE  
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**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.  
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If your local dealers don't keep it, send \$1 for a pound to the inventor and sole owner,

JAMES GRESHAM,

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## Amateur Athletics.

Continued from page 439.

Cambridge race which takes place in the third month, 1896.

Only a day or so ago I was told that a letter was expected from abroad which would settle the question one way or another. Those who were expecting it were not very confident, however, that it would hold forth the welcome news that a race could be arranged. Yet, a very strong plea had been made to the English rowing men which might finally bear fruit. In the event of the scheme falling through Yale will, as has been announced in this department before, arrange to row Columbia.

The Columbia crew which won at Poughkeepsie last year, leading both Cornell and Pennsylvania by a goodly distance at the finish, should improve much next year. Rowing critics about New York believe that the light blue will be able to give Yale a much better race than Harvard has for several years. Columbia has fine rowing material and a select few of coaches, notably Mr. Peet and Mr. Richards, and there is no reason in the world why she should not meet Yale on nearly even terms. The fact that in recent years Columbia has not devoted the time to rowing that Yale has prompts me to write nearly.

W. T. Buller

## A Charming Book.

"LOVE AND LAUGHTER: Being a Legacy of Rhyme," is the title of a dainty volume just issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, to which, aside from its intrinsic merit, there attaches a peculiar interest. The poems which fill the book are from the pen of a young New York lawyer, Mr. James G. Burnett, who, just as his powers were ripening and a brilliant career was opening before him, fell a victim to disease and died at the age of twenty-six years. From his early youth his tastes inclined to literary effort, and, while he chose another profession, his pen was always restless, and he contributed more or less regularly to the periodicals of the day the conceits in verse which are gathered in this volume. His vein was playful—but always touched by sentiment, and some of his poems have a tender pathos, as if his soul had in it some prophecy of the fate which overtook him. The little book, to which Mr. William Winter has written an introduction, will be certain to find favor with the lovers of helpful and inspiring verse shrined in attractive setting.



"Twinkle, twinkle little star  
I've discovered what you are;  
You're a patent hook and eye  
In the night robe of the sky."

See that

The DeLong  
Hook and Eye.

**hump?**

Send 2 cts. in stamps for New Mother Goose book in colors, to Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

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The Regal Toe, extension edge, Black Calf and Russia Calf (as cut) Patent and Enamel with close edge.

100 Styles.

**\$3.50**



Send stamp for Catalogue. A. L. C. Bliss & Co.

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Don't YOU want to HEAR?

The AURAPHONE will help you if you do. It is a recent scientific invention which will assist the hearing of anyone not born deaf. When in the ear it is invisible and does not cause the slightest discomfort. It is to the ear what glasses are to the eye—an ear spectacle. Include stamp for particulars. Can be tested FREE OF CHARGE at any of the

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"It is not the office of the chemist to point out the medicinal applicability of any preparation; still, knowing the nature of the constituent elements which compose SALVA-CEA, I can say that the properties of the same are so well defined that I am justified in saying it should accomplish the work for which it is recommended."

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## Timely Warning.

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